

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1872.

The Week.

AS we go to press we have but imperfect returns of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska, but enough is known to warrant us in saying that in each of them the Republicans have beaten the coalition candidates, carried the State ticket, and held their own, if not more than held their own, in the election of Congressmen. Nebraska was loudly promised for the Liberal Republican nominees by Senator Tipton, who after a queer fashion has been a leader, a sort of Baratarian governor, in the Liberal ranks; but Greeleyism seems to have no appreciable hold in that region, though Nebraska is in "the West" where Mr. Greeley was to be so strong. Indiana appears to have been handsomely carried, and was probably harder fought than even Pennsylvania itself, the people being more mobile, and this year having been very warmly interested in the contest, their two principal leaders, Morton and Hendricks, regarding it as almost a fight for life. The struggle began as long ago as last February, and neither side left a stone unturned. In Ohio there appears to have been inefficient management and some German defection, but the State is secure in November for an old-fashioned majority against the combination candidates. Pennsylvania has, we suppose, never been really doubtful, though it may well have looked so to outsiders and to some Pennsylvanians. As the result goes, we have one more proof of a fact which this campaign has abundantly proved by many instances, that no matter how great a war governor you may be, or how high-toned a senator, or how powerful an organ, it is mainly as the governor and senator and organ of your party, and not of yourself, that you are really influential. Mr. Curtin, for example, and Mr. Forney, are notable exemplifications of this truth, and in a month every State in the Union will be full of similar illustrations.

These October elections are, beyond doubt, ruinous to the Greeley movement. There is a present probability that Greeley and Brown will get no more electoral votes than were given four years ago to Seymour and Blair. Various reasons will be found for this; we see that already they begin to appear in the Liberal and Democratic journals. One or two reasons there are which we do not see given, but which it will be well to bear in mind for use in future political contests and discussions, and one of these is that the American people are not fond of fraudulent abandonment of political principle, and that Mr. Blair's and Mr. Fenton's and Mr. Hoffman's and Mr. Greeley's transaction at Cincinnati and Baltimore was an impudent attempt to cheat the public, and an invitation to all the rest of us to confess ourselves either fools or rogues; another is that the public does not think Mr. Greeley a trustworthy person when the trust is such as the Presidential office; another is that the people are determined that the South shall not come back to its old, fifty-year-long ascendancy till it gives proof of fitness; another, and not a small one, is that it is determined that the abuse, some of it filthy, some of it cowardly, some of it false, all of it stupidly wholesale, which has been heaped on our public men, and especially upon General Grant, shall not have its sanction. We think the country is to be heartily congratulated on the thorough destruction of the hopes of as greedy and false pretenders to the name of reformers and reconcilers as ever undertook to wear those names. We think too the country is heartily to be congratulated on the fact that the Republican party has had something of a scare, and has been warned by the closeness of the contest that the people will expect somewhat better behavior from it in future, or else it has already achieved one of its very last victories.

A new device has been employed this year for making known the election returns as fast as received, and it will undoubtedly find

much favor, and supersede, to a great extent, the old way of announcement by bulletin-boards at the newspaper offices and by the reading of telegrams to an audience in a hall. The new plan was tried last night in Madison Square before a large crowd collected in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and along the northerly pavement of Twenty-third Street. Upon a curtain was thrown, by means of a magnifying lens and a strong light, an illuminated disk about twelve feet in diameter, upon which appeared in black letters plainly legible the words of the telegraphic despatches as fast as they were received. They were received pretty fast too; but when the crowd had to wait more than two or three minutes, illuminated adjurations were addressed to it: "Patience! We give you the returns the second they are received," was one of these. Another was, "Patience! Ohio always is late." Another resource of the spectators was reading the advertisements and looking at the pictures which alternated with the despatches. Thus, after the announcement, received with great applause, that Pennsylvania had gone for Hartranft by a majority of more than 20,000; or that Ohio had given 13,000 majority; or that there was a Republican gain in Berks, the figure would be shown of a youthful colored person whose countenance wore a knowing smile, to which the crowd never failed to respond by laughing and applause. Or perhaps it would be a grotesque picture of *Le Roi Carotte*, which would provoke cheers and advice to him to "go West." The advertisers also availed themselves of this opportunity, and among the announcements that "Our friends in Philadelphia have stopped counting majorities," and that "Miles and miles of streets in Philadelphia are filled with people," and that "Parsons is elected," and that "Julian's own township gives a Republican majority," and that "The Republicans claim Indiana by ten thousand majority," there were invitations to the public to buy Messrs. Devlin & Company's ready-made clothes; to remember Mr. James Anthony Froude, who comes lecturing; to take a trip to Niagara with a return-ticket cheap; and to buy shirts of a pattern patented by a citizen of this city. It was curious, by the way, to observe the applause given to a not very American-looking eagle, who, however, had the flag in charge; and also the respectful applause given at each of its appearances to a portrait of Washington, certainly not by Stuart. Clearly, the political managers will be compelled to continue the illuminated returns.

For a man who can write very plain language, Mr. O'Connor receives an extraordinary number of letters enquiring what it was exactly that he meant to say in other letters of his. His latest correspondent is Judge James Lyons of Richmond, Virginia, the President of the Louisville Convention, and a Democrat of the truest stamp, who finds himself unable to believe that Mr. O'Connor could have called Mr. Greeley a man "of transcendent ability," and also unable to tell whether Mr. O'Connor would serve as President if elected. Mr. O'Connor, replying, says in substance that for a candidate to say that he will be a candidate, or to say that if elected he will consent to serve, is "one mode of soliciting votes," and that if his countrymen wait until he so solicits them to vote for him, "they will never vote" for him. As to the remark concerning Mr. Greeley which Mr. Lyons thought a misprint, Mr. O'Connor, making free with the functions of history we should say, rather sharply replies that if the Southern people do not know that to Mr. Greeley's unequalled energy and transcendent ability they owe the desolation of which they complain, they must be slow of comprehension. "The long and disastrous war," he says, "that filled his 'bloody chasm' with fratricidal slaughter, and involved the whole country in debt and demoralization, is due to the unequalled energy combined with the folly of this one exceedingly able, exceedingly amiable, and exceedingly mischievous man." So hard it is for even able Democ to see in the war between the South and the North

anything more than the bad judgment and excessive zeal of Democrats too Democratic and agitators not Democratic enough. As for the real ability of a man who can be described as Mr. O'Connor describes Mr. Greeley, our readers are free to form their own opinion, despite the deference due Mr. O'Connor. He goes on to say that the possibility of Mr. Greeley's election he regards "with inexpressible aversion." We beg Colonel Charles Spencer, Colonel Ethan Allen, General Frank Blair, Governor John T. Hoffman, Senator Reuben E. Fenton, General N. P. Banks, and other sincere souls, who put no trust in political fraud and pretence, to give their attention to the closing words of Mr. O'Connor—the words of a man of honor and courage: "If the ideas of heathen times prevailed, I would cheerfully surrender my person as a sacrifice on the altar of that deity whose controlling will might thus be propitiated and induced to save my country from the impending evil." There is a fervor about this which will seem ridiculous to some of the gentlemen above mentioned; still, as such heats cause a man to be respected and admired in his age, and also come as near carrying the October and November elections as trickery and cheating do, there is something to be said for them nevertheless.

So much has been said for so many years about the intimidation of negro voters in Southern elections that what is charged by the Georgia Republicans in reference to last week's election will not get much of anybody's attention. But it is just as well to recollect that the Republican voter in the State of Georgia, be he black or white, is pretty certain nine times in ten to undergo much that is disagreeable on election day, and may or may not be able to get to the polls and cast his vote; indeed, may or may not be killed in attempting to cast it. It is a wearisome tale, told till everybody is sick of hearing it; but wearisome or not, it is nevertheless true that Southern white men do sincerely hate the sight of a negro voting, and that a certain proportion of the whites of any given Southern community very willingly whip or shoot the colored voter, and swell Democratic majorities. There seems no reason to doubt that more or less intimidation was practised in Georgia. "Slight rioting at Macon," the *Tribune* says; and "begun by the negroes," other Democratic papers say. As of the fifty shots that were fired a majority of those that were effective were lodged in the bodies of negroes, it will be seen that there can be no doubt of the negro's having, after his usual Associated Press fashion, fallen violently on an unarmed and law-abiding body of peaceable white citizens. On the other hand, we see among the names of Republican leaders who certify that there was systematic intimidation of the colored voters all over the State, some names of persons whom we would very greatly hesitate to believe, sworn or unsworn; and one colored orator, who has been loud in this canvass, was never better placed than when he was in a New York penitentiary for rape. All this, however, as we suppose and fully believe, need not lead anybody to think that the colored Republican saw anything like fair play in Georgia last week. The law of itself threw as many difficulties in his way as it could, just as it most certainly did in North Carolina after the Democrats got hold of that State; and lawlessness threw a great many more.

In South Carolina, the canvass is tolerably active, and the result not plainly indicated. The white population, who have cried carpet-bagger so bitterly, if not piteously, do not give sufficient indication that they are willing to work out their salvation by the help of Republican bolters. At all events, their newspaper press misrepresents and betrays them if they are intending to attempt the defeat of Moses. They have this much of excuse, and undeniably it is a good deal in the way of excuse, that among the bolters is Bowen, a native Southerner, and—like many another Southern office-holder since the war—as big a rascal as any so-called carpet-bagger; Whittemore, the Massachusetts chaplain and cadet-broker; Whipper, a native colored man and notorious in evil, and others like them. Further excuse they have, too, in the fact that in the days of military rule, and of reconstruction in the early days of Scott, Mr. Tomlinson, the Bolters' candidate for

Governor, was a part of the State government. That he was indeed a part of a semi-military government is certain; but, then, we did have a war; and it had certain consequences which may be too soon forgotten indeed, but which also may be too long remembered. Mr. Tomlinson's connection with the Scott people was long before Scott and Parker and the rest had matured and come to full blossom; and he, like them, had he been like-minded with them, might be rich and in office, instead of seeking office in the interest of honest administration. Some of the things which can be related of the recent rulers of South Carolina are so nearly incredible as to make it all but incredible that American men could be found who would not use any means open to them to rid their State of such a gang. As we have said, however, there is some excuse for South Carolinians who distrust the proffered relief, and whose failure to work against Moses will mean something different from mere hatred of Yankees, though of this latter there is too much. One would have supposed that the dividing of the negro vote would alone seem a political good of such magnitude as to ensure the political activity of the whites; but perhaps the temptation to sullen and despairing indifference has too long been enormous.

While public attention in general has been concentrated on the State elections, the attention of our New York politicians, who care as much for national politics as Fenton does, or as they care for the conversion of the Parsees, has been concentrated on the nominations for the various city offices, legislative, judicial, and executive. These, we suppose, were never before so far from being within the control of any one man or set of men as they are this year. It would be a wise man who should undertake to say what will be the result of the action of Tammany Hall, Apollo Hall, the Committee of Seventy, the Bar Association, the Custom-house Republicans, the Liberal Republicans, the German Reform Association, and the various other committees and organizations which, since the fall of Tweed and his one-man power, have struggled for the government of the city. Tammany appears to be to some extent divided in its own counsels, being unused to freedom of late years, and some of the members of the general committee charge certain others with showing too much of Tweed's disposition to make a "slate" and arbitrarily insist on its adoption. This difference is most manifest in the disposal of the judicial offices. But the principal concern of the world outside the politicians is the case of Mr. Jimmy O'Brien, who wishes to be mayor. Even it is not improbable that we may as reformers be helping him next month to the gratification of his ambition, as he a year ago was helping us to reform the city. We believe it is well understood that in making his canvass for a senatorship last autumn he had the assistance of money from the very men whom he was professing to attack. However, though this may be a mere picturesque and interesting aspect of his case, there is no aspect of it which ought not to make the idea of the Republican managers' being allowed to give him any aid an utter impossibility. He is in no essential respect different from Connolly, who is said to have helped to pay his election expenses, or Tweed, or Hall. It would be infinitely better that Mr. Kernan should beat General Dix in the State than that the spectacle should be presented of Mr. James O'Brien's being made mayor by reform votes, or by reform support of a third candidate against so respectable a man as Mr. A. R. Lawrence, for example, who is talked of for the place, as well as for the Supreme Court judgeship. For the latter office there are, however, a greater number of available candidates than for the former, and we should be glad to hear that Mr. Lawrence was to concentrate all the elements of opposition to "the poor man's friend."

The stringency in Wall Street, which lasted with little or no intermission up to Saturday, is at this writing slowly relaxing. But the "operators" have been at their old tricks through the week, some "locking up" greenbacks, and others holding back certified checks, so as to compel the banks to lock greenbacks up. During

the last few days these checks have begun to appear; the condition of the banks has improved, and the return of the money tide from the West has begun to make itself felt, showing that the worst is over. But the severity of the strain may be estimated from the fact that the bank deposits in this city fell off \$52,000,000 in eleven weeks. Moreover, the Treasury has again interfered in the character of the American Jupiter, and, having bought \$2,000,000 on Wednesday week, is this week keeping up the good work. On Monday morning Wall Street was thrown into confusion by the announcement that the Treasury would this week buy five millions in bonds, and there were of course the usual charges that the knowledge of this was communicated to the Secretary's friends last week. These charges, of course, must be expected to circulate and find credence as long as the present discreditable system of finance is maintained. Anything worse, both for the morals and business of the community, than a system which enables one man to come suddenly into a great commercial capital and run money down one-eighth or one-half per cent., and send stocks up five or ten per cent., by his mere fiat, could hardly be imagined. It is a system worthy only of Ispahan or Constantinople. The present scandal is aggravated by the rumor that the Secretary means to exercise discretionary power, which he supposes himself to possess, to issue \$44,000,000 new greenbacks, but which many very intelligent men deny he possesses, and which most people are agreed he ought not to possess or exercise. We want specie payments, and if we had them the money market would take care of itself. If the banks had to redeem their paper in gold they might be left to issue, and would issue, as much of it as the country required, and Mr. Boutwell would be relegated to his proper business of collecting the revenue and applying it to the purposes designated by law.

The second trial of the notorious Mrs. Laura D. Fair for the murder of A. P. Crittenden ended on the last day of last month in a verdict of acquittal. The theory of temporary insanity put forward with all art by her counsel, and confirmed by a show of expert medical testimony, was accepted by the jury, which had been selected from a panel of upwards of seven hundred persons, by the well-known process of sifting out those possessed of intelligence. Perhaps the only novelty in the now familiar plea by which this extraordinary acquittal was brought about was the attempt to connect Mrs. Fair's insanity with a trouble peculiar to her sex—the same which Mme. Goëzman offered as an excuse for revoking part of her testimony in her suit with Beaumarchais, and of the convenience of which, in all suits to which women are parties, there can be no doubt. To this we may ascribe some of the interest manifested by the ladies in the court-room, who, when the verdict had been announced, and “two thin, white, chalk-like wrists were clasped around Mr. Curtis's neck, and a wealth of golden hair lay streaming on his breast, and the little black figure lay in the arms of the strong man as senseless as a corpse,” rushed up and tendered their assistance. The public, nevertheless, particularly the California public, persists in being shocked at the result, and talks for the hundredth time of the necessity of amending or abolishing trial by jury altogether. The rules which now govern it are certainly not adapted to the condition of society in which we live, and, if the institution is worth saving, the sooner they are overhauled the better. It may not be long before we shall come to the conclusion reached by some of the Italians, in view of the impossibility in the Romagna and in other parts of Southern Italy of obtaining conviction by jury for crimes of violence, that the jury-trial should be restricted to the class of offences known as political. A few more cases like Macfarland's and Mrs. Fair's will help give a practical shape to the present discontent with “the palladium of British liberty.” A flatter and more monstrous perversion of justice than this instance the country has never seen, and the twelve men who allowed themselves to set free this murdering prostitute—and indeed she is far worse than a professional prostitute—ought to feel the effects of public opinion.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the Chicago fire, which, to borrow the summary of one of the papers of that city, travelling with an average velocity of 65 acres per hour, devastated 1,688 acres, mostly solidly built up; and consuming property at the rate of \$125,000 per minute, swallowed up the worth of \$200,000,000. Everybody whom business or pleasure has lately called to Chicago has been struck with the enormous progress made towards a complete restoration, and the scale on which the buildings have been renewed. To imagine it, we must recall the fact that the burnt area was equal to half the size of New York City, from the Battery to the Central Park; and then picture it already covered by more than a thousand buildings, among which those of the first-class alone are valued at \$40,000,000, and they are so numerous that the average appearance of the streets falls little if at all short of that of the best parts of Broadway. In place of the wooden sidewalks of old, the sidewalks in front of the completed business blocks are laid with a broad flagging, and in most other respects regard has been had in the reconstruction to protection against fire. The rapidity with which all this has taken place has, of course, not been favorable to the best workmanship beyond the requirements of the fire-laws and the vigilant supervision of the Board of Public Works. Neither of these controlled the architectural designs externally, and the amusing confusion of “orders” and schools in the new Chicago has not escaped comment. But this was simply inevitable, and it does not prevent the revival of the city from being, what we said a year ago it promised to be, more startling than its original growth.

The London *Economist*, commenting on the extraordinary fact that money is at this moment dear in Germany in spite of the enormous influx of capital from France, and that applications for loans from Germany have helped to send up the rate of discount at the Bank of England, explains that money in the hands of the Government is not in Germany necessarily available to meet the demands of commerce. The German Government does not keep a bank account, it hoards in its own treasury, and only lets the money out to the public very slowly and cautiously. Nevertheless, the supplies it has drawn from France have been so enormous that they have, in spite of all care and caution, affected not only the German money market but the German mind, and produced the usual result of monetary plethora—a fever of speculation. The advances and discounts of the Prussian banks were, on the 15th of August last, \$157,045,000; a month later they increased by more than \$30,000,000. The rate in the Bank of Prussia and the Bank of Frankfurt being 5 per cent., the Bank of England could not, at their very doors, as the *Economist* points out, content itself with anything less.

The Jewish question has taken an almost amusing turn in Roumania. As we have several times explained in these columns, the Jews of that region, not over 200,000 in all, are almost the sole traders and bankers, and in short form the only approach to a middle class the country possesses. They are consequently nearly everybody's creditor, and the Roumanians delight in being debtors, so that to the traditional hatred of the Jew by the Christian is added the animosity of the average man towards people who lend him money and want it back when he cannot pay it. The result is the persecutions and outrages of which we have been hearing so much for the last two or three years. But now Mr. Peixotto has proposed the emigration of the Jews of Roumania to the United States, and the Roumanian Government has taken up the scheme with almost frantic delight: and has issued a circular giving the Jews full leave to go, and many private persons offer subscriptions in aid of the enterprise. There is not much chance that the Christians will be gratified by any such exodus, but if it took place it would have an effect on Roumania not unlike the emigration of the Huguenots from France or of the Moors from Spain; indeed worse, for they would leave behind them nothing but an ignorant peasantry and an idle and licentious aristocracy. Usury would probably come to an end, but so would industry.

THE CHORPENNING CLAIM.

IT becomes apparent that the chief iniquity of this business rests upon Congress. The two legislative bodies enacted a law which in substance said to the Postmaster-General: We require you immediately to adjust and settle this claim. The facts upon which it rests are supposed to be set forth in a mass of rubbish on the files of Congress, which we have never read, and of which we know nothing save what the petitioner tells us. Nevertheless, we limit your examination to this, and forbid you to base your award on any other evidence. We know that we are confining you to *ex-parte* affidavits procured by the petitioner at his convenience from a number of unknown and irresponsible witnesses who were never subjected to cross-examination; yet, such is our confidence in him that we require you to take his own statement of his own case, and, estimating from it alone, award to him all he asks. We do not limit you to any amount; you may make your award millions, if the *ex-parte* affidavits swear to so much. The petitioner may appear before you with counsel, but you will seek no legal advice on behalf of the Government. Some of the affidavits may appear to you false and others spurious, but we assume to be the judges of their verity, and send them to you simply that you, from their statements, may compute amounts and estimate damages. The files of your own department may contain documents which will wholly dispose of this claim or greatly reduce its amount, but that is of no consequence. So soon as your award is made, you will send it to the Treasury to be immediately paid out of any moneys not otherwise appropriated.

The Congressional apology that has been put forth for the law is substantially this: We are not knaves, but merely an assemblage of dupes, with the exception of our brother, the Honorable Mr. Cessna, who is a knave and not a fool. We are too much engaged in managing the Executive department of the Government to be able to read the laws that we enact, and are in the habit of daily not knowing what we do. There are thousands of honest claims preferred by injured citizens that we never act upon, which, through our inaction, never cost the Treasury a dollar. The system in Congress for many years has been such that no claim is certain of ever being reached, but that anything may be pushed through in the last days of the session. But we were incompetent to amend it, and were not elected for any such purpose. The last days of the session are days of great excitement, haste, and turmoil; and as they always have been such, we infer that they always should be. Besides, the attorney of the petitioner was formerly the assistant secretary of Mr. Creswell, and it is probable that he resigned on purpose to push this claim; and if that was the case, it is probable that Mr. Creswell knew all about it. The blame and the infamy and all that sort of thing clearly belong to him and not to us.

Taking this apology for all that it is worth, and conceding that the majority of the members who passed the act suspected no fraud, we insist that such a bill—unqualified, unlimited, referring in terms to the most suspicious of testimony, and risking the liability of the Government expressly upon it alone—was a bill that carried with it its own refutation, and to be defeated needed only to be read.

But apart from the objections to such an act which are stamped on the face of it, there was a warning in the history of this claim which every member of Congress was bound to see. It was not a new claim, and the adjustment which was ordered was not a first adjustment, as every member who voted for it well knew. In 1857, Mr. Chorpennig had carried through Congress his first statute for his own "relief," and, like this, in the last days of the session. Its object was threefold: first, it directed the settlement of his claims for "additional" mail services; that is, for services outside of a former mail-transportation contract; second, it also directed a settlement of his claims for damages caused by the "annulment or suspension" of his contract; third, it increased the compensation of the expired contract from \$26,500 a year to \$30,000. In a legal sense, the first and second provisions were measures looking towards the legislative administration of justice; the third was a mere gratuity.

In his method for administering this legislative justice, Mr. Chor-

penning had hit on a remedy which served his purposes so well at the time, that after fourteen years of reflection he did not venture in his second attempt on any improvement. He first referred the matter to the Postmaster-General, which, as he was head of the department having charge of such transactions, was seemly, right, and proper. He next provided that the Postmaster-General "be required to adjust and settle the claim," which implied that the head of the postal department was to exercise usual discretion and vigilance, so as to do justice to the petitioner on the one hand and guard the Government from imposition on the other. Then came the controlling words of Mr. Chorpennig's law, carefully set forth at the end of the first section and cautiously repeated at the end of the second—"as shown by the affidavits and proofs on file in the House of Representatives."

It is evident from the action of Postmaster-General Brown that he was not friendly to the claim; that he construed the statute as much as he could against the claimant; that he probably strained it against him more than he should have done; but it is due to Mr. Creswell to say that the former Postmaster-General found his hands tied by the first statute, precisely as the present Postmaster-General asserts he has found his tied by the last. In his official report for 1857, Postmaster-General Brown said: "The settlement of this claim has not been made without considerable embarrassment. The act of Congress was peremptory to adjust and settle, not according to the proofs that might be taken before the final action, but as shown by the proofs and affidavits on file in the House of Representatives. These were to be the sole guides in the settlement, and neither the records of the department nor any contradictory or explanatory testimony could be taken by the Government to assist in attaining what might be considered exact justice in the case."

The political moralist may here note that the Congress which pushed through in the last days of its last session Mr. Chorpennig's first bill, was the infamous Democratic Congress which expelled Matteson and two other members, and has a part of its history written in the *Congressional Globe* under the ominous title, "*Corruption of Members of Congress*"; while the Congress which pushed through the second bill, at precisely the same time, and in almost exactly the same manner, was the Forty-first (Republican) Congress, whose members prated so loudly of the virtues of their party, and of the grateful support which the people of the United States were in duty bound to give to it. The party responsible for the first bill was old, corrupted by long success, debased by successive surrenders to the slave-power, and doing its best to conduct the country to a shameful voluntary dissolution. The party responsible for the second bill was the reverse of all this—young, tried by reverses fresh in the memory of all its members, elevated by a struggle which had tasked the sternest virtues of a people, and successful in bringing the country from the brink of voluntary dissolution to the apparent certainty of new national life. There was every reason to expect from the Republican party in Congress a pure legislative administration of the affairs of the nation. But unfortunately the legislative system of the country had not been reformed with the changes that had taken place, and it was the old corrupt and corrupting system which has always enabled the bad to overcome the good, and the unscrupulous to ride down the conscientious. It is true that Matteson and his ring had been more outspoken and more general and effective in their operations. They openly avowed that they acted as the paid counsel of petitions, persuading with one breath as agents, and voting with the next as legislators. Whether Cessna was bought or bribed, or paid under the euphemism of "counsel," or rendered his aid through "motives of political friendship," does not much concern the country. It is enough to know that the responsible Republican party retained the old way of doing things, and allowed one of the old things to be done anew.

This method of getting money out of the Treasury, by a reference to some officer to "settle and adjust" a claim, did not begin with and has not been confined to the Chorpennig claims, though

theirs, we believe, is the only case where the petitioner has succeeded in making Congress tie the hands of the arbitrator, and legislatively compel him to decide the case in one way. The system of references is one of the most dangerous which claimants have devised; for it relieves Congress from the direct scrutiny of the public, and enables the legislative power to shift the direct responsibility of what it does to other shoulders. It is a specious as well as a false system. Nothing can sound fairer than the phrases in which some of its chief rascalities have been couched. To enact that the Postmaster-General, or the Secretary of War, or some other high officer of the Government, shall "settle and adjust the claim on principles of justice and equity," reads most commendably. Nothing to the common mind can seem fairer; but it is the precise language employed in a score of private acts passed for the solution of cases no better than the Chorpensing.

When such references are ordered, they are private and *ex-parte*. The claimant brings in his witnesses and proofs, and proofs and witnesses, until the unfortunate or friendly arbitrator cries enough. No counsel appears for the Government to cross-examine witnesses, sift testimony, and produce rebutting proofs. If the award does not suit the claimant, he insists on a revision, and brings in more proofs, or procures a certificate from his friends on the committee of Congress (as was done in the Chorpensing case), saying that the arbitrator has not construed the private act in the liberal way that Congress intended it should be. When the award is made, it is immediately carried to the Treasury, audited, and paid "out of moneys not otherwise appropriated." The first publication of the transaction is in the documents accompanying the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the item there that so much was paid on an award made under such a private act is practically the entire record of the case. In three cases—those of De Groot, Gordon, and Chorpensing—a subsequent Congress has repealed the private act before the money awarded has left the Treasury; but in no case, we believe, has Congress repealed one of its own private acts. The first of those cases, after a very large amount had been awarded by Secretary Floyd, was sent to the courts, where it dwindled down to nothing, and was abandoned by its owner (5 Wallace Reports, p. 419). The second illustrates, almost ludicrously, all that has been said against the system of *ex-parte* arbitration (7 Wallace Reports, p. 188).

In 1813, it seems, the United States troops destroyed some property of a man named Fisher, in Florida. Mr. Fisher applied to Congress for reimbursement, but, of course, nothing was done until he had long been dead and buried. Then, in 1848—thirty-five years after the injury—a private act was passed, directing the Second Auditor to examine and adjust his claims "on principles of equity and justice." The Auditor proceeded to do so, and, when receiving the proofs, rejected a number of affidavits because they were not properly authenticated. This rejection of unauthenticated, *ex-parte* affidavits turned out to be a mine of wealth to Mr. Fisher's legal representatives. In the award which was, however, made, the Auditor found that the property had been destroyed by both troops and Indians. As losses by the Indians were excluded by the terms of the act, the Auditor apportioned the damage equally, and allowed, as the value of half the property destroyed, \$8,873. So soon as they had obtained this decision, Mr. Fisher's representatives took the money, and proceeded to retry the case. The Auditor next allowed \$100 for an error in his previous award, and \$8,907 94 for interest from the time the claim was first presented to Congress. The representatives promptly took this money, and then proceeded to try the case a third time. The Auditor carried his allowance of interest back to 1813, and awarded them \$10,004 more. Thus, under adroit *ex-parte* manipulation, combined with "pressure" and "influence," the judgment of the arbitrator swelled from \$8,873 to \$27,974 94.

As this vein seemed to be exhausted, the representatives went back to Congress. A supplemental act was passed, directing the Auditor to re-examine the case, and allowing the claimants to pre-

sent their rejected affidavits, if properly authenticated. Apparently this scheme did not work well, and nothing came of it; but, four years later, Secretary Floyd had come upon the stage, and been found a valuable actor in the character of arbitrator, and to him Congress confided the matter, kindly directing him to proceed *de novo* to execute the original and supplemental acts "according to their plain and obvious meaning," which seems to be a legislative-judicial rap on the knuckles of the too scrupulous Auditor. Secretary Floyd proved to be the right man in the right place, and he soon found that all of the property had been destroyed by the troops, and none by the Indians, and he awarded the claimants \$39,217 50 more.

The claimants of course took this money, and immediately went back to Congress for another private act. Congress having come to know and like them did what they requested, and slipped into the act a little judicial decision somewhat like Mr. Chorpensing's remedy, viz., that the Secretary should give effect "to all the testimony filed, including the depositions formerly rejected." Secretary Floyd did so, and lo! his conclusion was that the representatives of Mr. Fisher ought "in equity and justice" to recover \$66,519 85 more! Thus the original recovery of \$8,873 grew to \$133,712 29, and the people of the United States never heard a word about it, save that it was all "in equity and justice."

The reformation of Congress is a reform that must sooner or later engage public attention. If the unconstitutional assumption of judicial and executive powers resulted in a public good, people might be long willing to let the matter rest. But the fact is that the modern Congressman is doing everything but legislate, and the work of national legislation is stamped by ignorance, idleness, and inattention. Nothing can be more absurd than the present fact, that when two districts elect Congressmen they do not elect two legislators, but a superintendent of a printing establishment and a chief gardener to overlook the Government green-houses.

To those candidates for Congress who, during the present canvass, are overflowing with the future welfare of their country, we would suggest that they will do well to answer in their speeches, distinctly and unequivocally, some such questions as these: Will you give your attention exclusively to the work of legislation, leaving to the judicial and executive departments the duties and responsibilities assigned to them by the Constitution? Will you really strive to stop the Congressional abuse known as the "franking privilege," not by a dishonest and dishonorable bill such as heretofore has been rushed through the House for the purpose of being defeated in the Senate, but by such a measure as the Postmaster-General has prepared and recommended? Will you endeavor to introduce into our system of legislation those improvements which may be found in the modern legislative systems of other countries, so that every petitioner having wrongs which should be redressed by the direct action of Congress shall be secured, in his turn, a hearing, and the necessary legislative action, and so that improper acts cannot be hurried through both Houses without publicity and deliberation, nor all sorts of laws be manufactured in the guise of provisions to appropriation bills, nor private acts affecting the Treasury be passed in the last days of the session?

LINE AND COLUMN.

THE European papers—or, at least, the English and German papers—are full, at this season of the year, of accounts of what are called "The Autumn Manœuvres," or, in other words, of the movements of armies engaged in mimic war, for the purpose of exercising the officers in strategy and tactics and the men in marching and encamping and doing outpost duty. The practice was begun by the Prussians some years ago, but has, within the last three, come into general use all over Europe. Before they introduced it, "manœuvres" were little else than formal and meaningless marches to and fro over a small area on a bare plain. "Sham fights," too, when resorted to, were mere theatrical engagements, intended to amuse the spectators. About six years ago it was discovered that

the Prussians had changed all this, and were engaged every year in a game which only needed killing and wounding to make it real war. That is to say, every fall their armies poured out into the country—and the more difficult the country, the better—and, under the command of two opposing generals, contended, under the rules of strategy and in the presence of umpires, for the possession of towns, rivers, and fortresses. The result was shown in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870. It then appeared that no experience of real warfare, except the facing of death, was new to the Prussian officer or soldier. He had all the tricks and devices of his trade at his finger-ends. Reconnoitring, patrolling, watching, marching, encamping, skirmishing, assaulting—all was familiar to him. In fact, "levying contributions" was the only duty of active war he had to learn, and this soon came very easy. There was hardly an incident of the campaign in France which seemed to take the Prussian army unprepared; and we all remember with what surprise, admiration, and apprehension Europe watched the all but faultless working of that tremendous instrument of force. Since then, every nation in Europe has been engaged diligently in copying the methods by which those marvellous results were attained. The parade-grounds in Italy, England, and Russia are abandoned every fall for the open country, and villages are assaulted and carried, fords and bridges seized, woods "searched," and positions "turned," and lines of communication cut, with all the fatigue and painstaking and almost all the hardship of real hostilities.

But of all this there have come certain changes in the art of war which are not unlikely to exercise, as all such changes have hitherto done, an important influence not only on the constitution of armies but on the politics of the civilized world. It was Prussia, through the great Frederic, which discovered and put into practice the principle which the genius of the great Napoleon afterwards turned to such wonderful account—that in war everything should be sacrificed to being strongest at the point of attack. It was Prussia, too, which introduced that apparently trifling but important improvement in firearms—the iron ramrod, which contributed so much to the rapidity and destructiveness of infantry fire. It was Prussia, too, which first brought to perfection the art of moving men in solid masses by means of minute and painstaking drill, thus enormously increasing the control of the officer over the rank and file, and diminishing the risk of confusion under fire or in retreat. She too, among European powers, first put the breech-loader into the hands of the infantry soldier, in spite of the general belief of the military critics of other countries that it would prove too complicated for practical use, and was amply repaid for her confidence on the field of Sadowa. In the late campaign in France she made one other discovery, which she probably would have made in 1866 had the war lasted longer, and which she is now turning to practical account in the training of her forces—we mean the discovery that the introduction of breech-loaders has made henceforward impossible the use of those close formations, whether in line or column, in which it has been the custom of armies to attack each other ever since armies were first organized.

All the Continental nations have adhered till now to the custom of attacking in column—that is, of forming the attacking body with a narrow front and long files, and attempting to crush the enemy at the point of contact by mere momentum; while in the English service, and in our own, the line two or three deep has been adhered to as giving freer play to the fire of musketry, and affording less mark to the enemy. Continental officers have never denied the superiority of the line to the column either for attack or defence, but they have said, and said truly, that in order to use it your men must possess either greater intelligence or greater steadiness and self-reliance than are usually to be found among Continental troops. It was useless, they said, to try to convert the Russian or German peasant into a soldier who, with only one man behind him and one on each side of him, would either wait resolutely the approach of a dense oblong mass ten men broad and two hundred men deep, or move boldly towards it, in the full confidence of dissipating it with

the converging fire of the line. It was useless, too, the French officers said, to ask the French soldier, with his liability to panic, and to great demoralization after a reverse, to stand so nearly alone, in moments of trial, as he would have to stand if the column were abandoned. General Trochu, in his late work on the French army, reproduces one of Marshal Bugeaud's interesting reminiscences of the Peninsular war, in which he describes the almost uniform failure of the French column when directed against the British line; but it appears from his story as if no other formation would have suited the French character. He recalls with emphasis the flutter and excitement which ran through the French ranks as they moved against the long, thin "red wall"; the apprehension excited by the English silence and refusal to fire till the column was very close, and the demoralizing effects of the fire when it came, and the dissolution of discipline produced by the English advance with the bayonet, which always followed two or three withering volleys. In the United States, also, the national temperament and the character of the social organization have made the line the favorite formation.

But both line and column are now to be numbered amongst the things that were. The "column of attack," indeed, which has played so famous a part in modern military history, may be said to belong to the past as completely as the Macedonian phalanx or the wooden line-of-battle ships. We shall never again witness great spectacular feats like the advance of the English column at Fontenoy, or Macdonald's charge across the plain at Wagram. When the Prussian Guard in column attacked the French line at Mars-la-Tour, in August, 1870, and lost six thousand men in ten minutes, the days of close formation came to an end. It is now acknowledged on all hands that it will not do to send men into action in any formation in which they touch elbows or present a continuous front to the enemy's fire. In other words, a total revolution is taking place in tactics, which will inevitably greatly diminish the officer's control over the soldier during the progress of the engagement, and render necessary on the part of the latter an amount of intelligence, self-respect, and fidelity which the soldiers of no nation have, as a class, as yet displayed. The Prussians are now practising a system which opens an engagement by a heavy fire of artillery, and then attacks neither in line nor column, but with great clouds of skirmishers, to whom it is only possible to indicate their objective point, and who reach it as best they can—advancing across the country by twos, or threes, or singly, carefully avoiding any kind of formation, taking advantage of every hollow in the ground, tree, fence, house, or wall to conceal themselves, running here at the top of their speed, there crawling on their bellies, and only firing when they can take steady aim. We believe a column, it is true, comes after them, but only as a sort of reserve to feed the skirmishing horde with fresh men, and hold its conquests.

It can be readily seen that under this system the superintendence of the officer must at best be slight. He can never have the men "well in hand," to use a military phrase; he must trust during the greater part of the day to their own sense of honor, to their courage, and to the opinion of their comrades to prevent skulking; and it is only at the last moment, when the final rush has to be made, that he can, in the strict sense of the term, put himself at their head. In short, the tactics which carried Frederic through the Seven Years' War, and Wellington through the Peninsula and Waterloo, are vanishing from the camp, and in lieu of them comes, of all things in the world, the old Indian bushwhacking under which Braddock's files went down over a century ago at the fords of the Monongahela.

What is most interesting in all this to civilians is, that it furnishes a striking illustration of the steadiness with which mind in all fields of human activity retains its supremacy over either brute force or animal excitement, and of the certainty with which we may count on the over-cultivation of the art of destruction producing its own antidote. When new and more effective instruments of destruction are invented, we find that the whole population has to be raised in the mental and social scale in order to provide soldiers com-

petent to use them; and more than this, we find that after the soldier has been trained to the utmost point, he is of little use to you unless you have kindled in him a great deal of intelligence and self-respect. The degraded and stupid peasant who used to take his daily allowance of the stick or cat at the hands of the drill-sergeant, was not a man whom there would be any use in sending out skirmishing with a breech-loader. He would get into a ditch as soon as the officer's eye was off him, and stay there. Moreover, the new discoveries are changing the military type of character all over the world. The soldier of the historian, as well as of the poet and novelist—the gay, dashing, restless youth, who danced with and made love to the women, and duelled and gambled with men from post to post, and went under fire with an oath or a song on his lips, who used to be the ideal “militaire,” has vanished or is vanishing from the earth. His successor is a grave gentleman with spectacles, whose uniform smells of the lamp, whose dreams are of strategy and tactics, and whose laborious days are passed, not on “toys or lust or wine,” but over figures and diagrams and among books; to whom the “pomp and pride and circumstance” of war are nothing, and its use as a naked, unadorned, savage, but potent instrument of the national will everything. It may seem to some that there are the seeds of tremendous evil in this entrance of educated ability into the service of destruction. But if the experience of the past teaches us anything, it teaches us that we cannot press the mind even into the service of destruction without exalting it, and diffusing and deepening the popular reverence for it; and we cannot do this without helping to make war detestable. No one can sincerely respect the mental endowments or acquirements of a Moltke without feeling within him a growing sense of the absurdity and wastefulness and barbarism of the military mode of settling disputes.

A SINGING CAMPAIGN.

IT may be considered more than doubtful if this country has ever seen a Presidential campaign which could be called a hard-cider campaign, or a singing campaign, in the sense in which these terms are used by such of our fellow-citizens as would like to see campaigns of hard cider and log-cabins, and song and dance; and that such a campaign will not be seen in our day, nor in any future day, may be considered certain. Those of us who were in our nonage when General Harrison beat Mr. Van Buren, and to whom Presidential campaigns were seasons of exuberant shouting and of staying out at night later than was feasible in ordinary years, and, in general, of enthusiasm and much noise, may have been accustomed to believe that one hard-cider campaign, at least, we and our older countrymen had carried on; but it is a belief, however pleasant, unwarranted by facts. The *Golden Age* itself, now that the first frost is at hand, and the white hat of May and June sheds a coolness which forbids effervescence of the brain, will be willing to admit that the notion of carrying elections by choruses is now but a dream, a fancy, an idolon and fond delusion of youthful trustfulness, and not any longer credited by capable politicians. As we say, we think it more than doubtful if such a notion was not always chimerical; as much a delusion in 1840 as now in 1872. In 1840, General Harrison, the son of an ex-Governor of Virginia, a victorious general against the English and the Indians in the days when the Indian's name was a name of fear in all our Western borders; a successful Congressman and a highly successful and popular Governor of more than one of our Mississippi Valley Territories; a candidate who had made no bad fight in 1836 against the candidate backed by General Jackson himself, was elected President over a competitor who, rightly or wrongly, was held responsible for a period of financial disaster never before or since paralleled in the history of the country. As Mr. Greeley remarks in his famous partnership letter to Mr. Weed and Mr. Seward, “cider suckers” were plentiful in Washington City just after Gen. Harrison's election, demanding offices as the reward of their services during the campaign; but despite these gentlemen and kindred enthusiasts, it was not lyric song and choral dance or sacred enthusiasm that beat Mr. Van Buren in that campaign; something rather more prosaic was what brought “the news from Maine” and gave us Mr. John Tyler.

In fact, the American people, like the English, is a people in whose heart are deep springs of poetry; the materialism of which we hear so much, the hard grip on realities which is giving to men of our blood dominion over the earth, inconsistent as they may seem with a fast belief in things which are beyond, and much as they may deceive some observers, are nevertheless consistent with more faith in the ideal than is possessed by most races of

men. But certainly the genuine American is not a being who is tremulously susceptible to the lighter or more fraudulent manifestations of the poetic, and to get him embarked on a tidal wave of song when he has politics to attend to, is not an easy job at all. To use one of his own phrases, he is not lyrical “worth a cent” under circumstances which would send a *Golden Age* American, for example, head over heels with excitement, and cause him to make the welkin ring with clamor.

The “campaign poetry,” then, would best be treated of, one would say, as the snakes in Iceland are treated of in the Dutch traveller's work on that country; and indeed it would be true to write that poetry in this campaign there is none. But there are some horrible and awful imitations of poetry which began to appear soon after the Liberal journals informed us that what the Grantites feared was that “this campaign was to be a singing campaign like that of 1840,” and which, now that the October elections are past, have probably come to an end. Of these productions, the most important is one which would have had no possible importance but for the admitted fact that there was actually paid for it a sum of money, which, estimating “Paradise Lost” at their usual market price, and allowing for the difference in values in 1667 and 1872, would have purchased about three “Paradise Losts” and a third of another one. The singing idea was no sooner broached by the friends of the white hat than a zealous but unsagacious Grant man, being determined that the enemy should have no advantages that money and talent could wrest from them, advertised in the *Times* that five hundred dollars would be paid to the man who should produce the best song concerning “the Greeley pill,” and invited all poets to compete and leave their productions with the editor of the *Times* of this city. How many gentlemen competed we do not know, or what judges made the award; but an award was made, and two weeks ago at one of the Cooper Institute meetings the song was sung:

There was an old doctor that wore a white hat;
He made pills of Free Love and Free Farm, and all that;
Patent pills of pig-iron and copper and wool,
And expected to cure Free-trade with 'em, the fool.
And, first to be seen, like a quack at a fair,
This Chappaquack mounted an editor's chair,
With one pant in one boot, and he sung but one tune:
That the pill for all ill was his daily *Tribune*.
Oh, the *Tribune* old pill!
Oh, the Greeley old pill!

Every man values his life, and the author of this gem is spending his five hundred dollars anonymously. It is not Greeley men, however, that would be most anxious to slay him.

Nearly all the phases of the contest get some attention from the verse-makers, the principal topics being the alleged corrupt and tyrannical practices of General Grant, from his receipt of young bull-dogs to his decapitation of Senator Sumner; Mr. Greeley's apostasy, vagaries, and personal appearance; the traitorous character of the Democracy; the bolting of the Liberal Republicans; Mr. Schurz's and Mr. Sumner's opposition to the Republican party; the services of Grant in time of war; the oddity of the *Tribune*'s course; the confusion of mind into which the confirmed Copperheads were thrown by the nomination of Greeley; the disadvantages of “boiled crow”; the determination of the Republican party to “secure the results of the war”; the political intentions of the negroes; the desire for “reconciliation.” All these find expression in the songs and other verses of the canvass, the topic treated of most voluminously being perhaps the charges against the President. His most virulent enemies went early and vigorously into the manufacture of these attacks upon him, and almost every morning since the first day of May has seen one or more copies of verses denouncing him for drunkenness, idleness, present-taking, nepotism, and other of his transgressions. These productions have shown marked facility, but none of them has been of merit, and none, we suppose, of any effect as songs. Indeed, there has been no new song which has come at all into competition with those of the war; and such enthusiasm as has been expressed in singing has, as formerly, found vent in “Rally Round the Flag,” “The Star-Spangled Banner,” and “John Brown's Body lies Mouldering in the Grave.” One or two stanzas will serve as a sample of the numberless assaults cleverly adapted to well-known tunes, which the *Sun* and its friends have poured out:

Forty-one of 'em
(Keep the run of 'em).
Suckers all—the State needs none of 'em;
Avoirdupois, there's more than three ton of 'em—
Humbugs, every son of a gun of 'em.
Old Daddy Grant,
The Boss Cormorant,
Feathers his nest in the Covington Post-office,
Orville L. G.
(Hunky boy on a spree)
Draws on his pal in an Illinois coast office;
Half the connections of 'Lysses can boast office—
Corbins and Dents,
Cramers and Bents,
Sharpes, and Roots, and Caseys, and Pattons;
But the Dents take the lead
Of the whole blessed breed.
For when places were going they went in for the fat 'uns.

Another sample is as follows, the air being "The Battle Cry of Freedom":

Hiram had a little lamb,
T—m M—y was his name,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder;
And every time the master robbed,
The Lamb would do the same,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder.

CHORUS—Greeley for ever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Pack off Ulysses to dwell with his pa.
We'll rally round our flag, boys,
We'll rally round our flag,
Shouting for Greeley and the Union!

If the reader will imagine nearly every secular and sacred tune known to him married to immortal verse similar in spirit to these two specimens, he will have some idea of the sort of poetical and political warfare which has been waged on the faults and shortcomings of the President and his Administration.

On the other hand, the Administration party, if not so industrious as the Greeleyite sons of song, have not neglected to express the astonishment of the Old Farmer, the Old Squire, and the Boy in Blue that any one should seek a better President than the man who brought us safely through the war, and whose Administration has been so successful. One veteran thus addresses another:

"It seems to me, Jim, very strange,
The turn some things are taking;
It may be right, this cry for 'change'
That folks just now are making.
'Change,' for the better, here below
Is what we always want,
But, till I know it *will* be so,
For one, I go for Grant!"

And this is what the Old Farmer says to the Grant man:

"It may be luck; it may be fate,
Sometimes I ask myself, 'What wuz it?'
The only thing I know is that
The critter daz it.

"The Britishers are paying up;
The rebs have well-nigh quit contrivin';
Our debt is growing less and less,
And things are thrivin'.

"The Injun smokes his pipe in peace;
The nigger sings his loud hosanner;
And, as the boys say down the town,
'That's what ails Hanner.'

"And so, I've 'bout made up my mind
That things can't easily be mended;
That, take it all in all, the farm
Is darn'd well tended."

And another agriculturist thus talks to the young politician when the latter offers him the Liberal platform and candidate:

"No, sir! I'm for Grant. Call him dumb if ye will,
But he talks in a way that suits me;
He has steered the old ship with considerable skill,
And he never a traitor 'il be.

"What! Greeley to take the place o' Grant!
Good God! is the country daft?
Have they swallowed the 'Sage of Chappaqua's' cant,
And embarked in that treacherous craft?"

Of equally pronounced views is another citizen who also regards the election of Mr. Greeley as the triumph of the South over the North, and who thus sets forth his opinion. As will be seen, this citizen professes to be of Irish descent; we would not, however, for our own part, make affidavit that he ever saw Cove or the Hill of Howth:

The Ku-klux Klan
Don't like our man,
And to bate him they
Will plot and plan.
But Ku-klux Klan
May rave and rant;
Bent Grant they can't,
They can't beat Grant.

Mr. Sumner comes in for many raps; but he is by no means without plaudits too, his gigantic mind striking great awe into some of the bards, while others devote themselves to the Brooks affair and the Senator's other "services to the cause of liberty." More effectually than in these rôles we find him in a certain Hebrew Melody, entitled "The Destruction of U. Sennacherib Grant," figuring as the angel of the Lord destroying an Assyrian host of collectors and postmasters:

And there lay his horses—as useless as he—
And the bull-pups that gambolled all sportive and free;
For the voice of Charles Sumner spread death on the gale,
And the cheeks of the robbers grew livid and pale.

Mr. Schurz gets rather less of the attention of his poetical enemies and friends than his Liberal Republican friend and colleague, but now and again we meet him. The pronunciation of his name perhaps baffles the campaign muse, who is not a very erudite maid; once, for example, we have this rather uncivil but otherwise gratifying couplet:

We don't have much charity for Trumbull or for Schurz,
They stand around the party gate a pair of snarling curs.

It is in "The Child's Enquiry," however, that Mr. Schurz is exposed in his true colors, the artless but penetrating enquiries of his little son revealing to him and to us the blackness of his treason:

Carl Schurz sat down one evening late
To rest his weary head,
When his little son came into the room,
And looking at him said:

"Who is this Horace Greeley, pa,
That people call so wise?
Is he some giant tall enough
To reach unto the skies?"

"Oh! no, my child, about as large
As I, or Governor Brown;
'Twas not his stature made him great,
Or won him his renown.

"But he it is who nobly bailed
Jeff Davis from his cell,
And now we want for President
The man who did so well."

The young Schurz then enquires if Greeley, being made President, would not at once bail out every rogue in the whole country, and thus expose us to the incursions of the criminal classes. To this the father replies, "Oh! no, my child," and goes on to show that Jefferson Davis was an enemy in war, but that he who bails common rogues becomes the abhorrence of all his neighbors. The son promptly decides that when he becomes of age sufficient to steal horses, he will steal not one but a hundred or more, and thus becoming a great and renowned villain, Mr. Greeley, or some follower of Mr. Greeley's, would go on his bail-bond. The Senator dissuades him from this course:

"Oh! no, my child, the Gospel says
That you should always do
To every person as you would
That they should do to you."

But thus the child nails him:

"But, pa, did Horace Greeley think
That in some future day
He would want bail when he should try
His country to betray?"

This is the last question, and it brings on the last resort of domestic tyranny:

The Senator could say no more—
So, turning quickly, said:
"It's nine o'clock, my little boy;
'Tis time you were in bed."

Nothing that is worth remarking upon is said or sung about Mr. Greeley's dress and personal appearance and personal habits. The tucking of his trowser-legs into the legs of his boots, his white hat and white coat, his farming at Chappaqua, his woodchopping performances—or garden parties, as the *Saturday Review* calls them—get about equal notice from his opponents and his advocates, but what is said is all old enough to be dull even if it were not dull for other reasons. In his character of "boiled crow," however, he has been rather more amusing to the poets. One of them speaks as follows of that "noisome victual":

There is a dish no cook-book names,
And which no patriot cares to know,
Which none but starving men will taste,
A noisome victual called boiled crow;
This, Democratic leaders eat.

Some of the "Democratic leaders" are fond of this dish, as, for instance, Mr. G. F. Cookerly, of Terre Haute:

"My bowels yearn immensely
Toward the precious crow;
I love the bird intensely—
How much, you'll never know.

"Quail keeps my stomach quiet,
Just for a meal or so;
But, for a reg'lar diet,
I can't dispense with crow."

But Mr. Voorhees does not like it:

"I only eat enough to save
Myself from that dark, hopeless grave
Where every Bourbon's sure to go,
Who will not eat the hated crow."

However, he and Mr. Hendricks, joining hands with Mr. Bayless W. Hanna and Mr. Cookerly, finally sing this stave to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home":

"In the dark lanes of politics,
Where'er we go,
Be it ever so sable,
There's no meat like crow.
Crow, crow, lovely crow,
Be it ever so sable,
There's no meat like crow."

Probably the reader by this time has nearly enough of these efforts, but there is one more from which we will quote, because of its noble rebuke of "H. G." and Mr. Theodore Tilton, who have "gone back" on Woman. In fact, but for the habit of years, "H. G." would not even so much as spell it with a capital W. "You and I both know Woman Suffrage means Free

Love—H. G.”—is what Mr. Greeley once wrote to Mr. Tilton, and this is the “Song of the Women” which was elicited, as we say in our profession, by the remarks of our distinguished contemporary. Or, rather, this is part of it. Looking with scorn and contempt on the Woman Movement, no merely earthly power could make us publish more than the first and last stanza:

“Insulter of all Womanhood,
Apostate from our holy faith
That dares to aspire to broader good—
Lured by ambition's spectral wraith,
He turns from freedom's battling van,
To break the rod of guardian laws,
And lead the bloody Ku-klux Klan—
Last hope of Treason's long-lost cause!”

“Go! fallen from your starry arch,
Uncheered by loyal hearts, alone
Tread backward your apostate march
To shameful loss or shameless throne!
No woman's hope or woman's prayer
Speed forth your allies' evil throng!
No woman's voice impulse the air
With stirring word or rallying song!”

Some bad men will not see the awfulness of this punishment. They should wait, however, till they see how they could get on if the air they breathe were suddenly to cease being impelled by feminine songs, campaign and otherwise.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 19, 1872.

THERE is a matter which just now occupies the papers, and of which the Conservatives are endeavoring to make capital against the government. The Ballot Bill has come into operation in two constituencies. Whatever else it has done, it is plain that it has not hitherto altered the balance of parties. No body of voters, hitherto held in awe by landlords and capitalists, has suddenly transferred itself from one camp to the other beneath the cover of darkness now provided. At Pontefract, Mr. Childers, a very active member of the Government, was re-elected by a small majority against a weak opponent. I believe, however, that the real difficulty in his case was caused by some of the agitators against the Contagious Diseases Acts, who identified him with the support of the obnoxious measures. At Preston, a Conservative was elected by a considerable majority, the borough having been for three years in Conservative hands. It is difficult to make out from the conflicting statements of various election agents how far the result was influenced by various local and secondary influences; nor does it very much matter. The Conservatives, having carried their candidate, have no doubt a *prima-facie* right to the exultation which they express; but a rather angry controversy has been excited by the mode in which they went to work. The indignation expressed by some of the Liberal papers at their device for neutralizing the ballot strikes me as rather ludicrous. The party has contrived an ingenious piece of political machinery, carefully provided with all the newest inventions, and it turns out that it will not secure their object. Thereupon they bitterly complain of their antagonists for not working the machine in the spirit in which it was designed. Surely the merest tyro in politics should be aware that no political machinery ever was or ever will be worked in the spirit of the designer; and that legislation which assumes that everybody is ready to do without compulsion just what the legislator wants, is apt to be utterly futile. In the case of the Ballot Bill, the introducers of the measure were racking their inventions during the whole session to avoid an awkward dilemma. Unless they made secrecy compulsory up to a certain point, the ballot would be useless; but it was doubtful whether secrecy could be enforced sufficiently to secure their object without the most tyrannical regulations. It was provided that no one should be asked in the polling-book how he had voted, but it was impossible to provide that he should never have that question put to him by anybody outside. The Conservatives, therefore, adopted a very simple device. They had an office just outside each of the booths, and requested each of their voters to hand in a card stating which way he had voted. The consequence was that they were able to form a very accurate estimate of the progress of the election, and at the close of the poll gave the numbers so closely that their estimate of their own numbers differed from the official statement by only nine votes in over 4,000. It is plain, therefore, that the votes were known in Preston almost as clearly as though there had been no arrangements for securing secrecy; probably a man who had refused to state which way he voted would have been subject to a very strong pressure of public opinion; though it is true that he might still escape by lying, it can hardly be considered as a recommendation of any political machinery that it gives additional motives and security to treachery.

It is plain, therefore, that when the general sentiment is opposed to secrecy, the protection afforded by the present bill is not of any great value,

and the Liberal journals are already beginning to cry out for the addition of some more stringent clauses. If the example of Preston should be followed, as is highly probable, the ballot will either fall into disrepute or some attempt will have to be made to patch it up by fresh legislation. If any more time is wasted on this particular nostrum of the old-fashioned radical school it will be a matter of sincere regret; but I confess that I am not sorry to see that there is so strong an objection in the average voter to avail himself of the privilege of concealing his opinions. It is undeniable that there are occasionally cases of intimidation where one would be glad to see almost any remedy adopted; but it is amazing to me that any genuine Liberal should regard a general disposition to vote in secret as a healthy sign of public spirit. As a defence against oppression the plan might be justifiable; but the less people condescend to use cloaks of darkness, the more satisfactory must be the state of the political atmosphere.

A matter of far greater real interest than any of these little dodges for tricking people into virtue and public spirit is the progress of the war between labor and capital. Just at present labor seems to be winning victories all along the line. The last battle that has been fought out is in the baking trade. The whole of London, it was threatened, was to be deprived of bread from next Saturday until the masters and men could settle their differences. It seems, however, though the matter is not quite decided, that the men are to have everything their own way. The masters have yielded nearly every point; and it is probable that they will have to give up the last upon which they were holding out. The great activity of trade and speculation has given the advantage to the men in all the recent attempts to secure a larger share of the profits. We are already, however, beginning to feel something of the other side of the question. The rise in the price of necessities is becoming very serious, especially for the large and unlucky class with small, fixed incomes; but it will also be felt by the laborers, whose agitation is partly the cause. Owing chiefly to the success of the miners in limiting the production of coal, the price has been rising in the most startling fashion. The poor in London will next winter have to pay at least half as much again for their fuel as they have been in the habit of doing. The prices of food again will probably be excessive. We have generally a bad harvest; we are threatened in many districts with something like a second potato famine; and the cattle disease is so widely spread that the price of meat cannot be expected to decline. Of the three things which Pope declares to be all that is necessary for man, “meat, clothes, and fire,” two at least are becoming dearer every day. The consequence is that we are practically exemplifying a strange paradox, and growing poorer daily because we are getting rich so fast. The national prosperity, as Mr. Gladstone tells us, is advancing by leaps and bounds—the advance being measured, that is, by the increased production and trade; but however satisfactory this may be to rich capitalists, and in some degree to the laboring population, which receives steadier employment and an increased rate of wages, it is nevertheless true that it does little good to very large masses of the population. Though their wages have risen, for example, it is doubtful whether the agricultural laborers can get more for their money than they could a few years ago; and there are great numbers of persons, such as clerks in Government offices, who find it steadily more difficult to make both ends meet. I will not attempt to philosophize upon a process which is not peculiar by any means to England; but just at the present time it is being very forcibly impressed upon us that a rise in the imports and exports, and a singular buoyancy in the revenue, are quite compatible with an increased difficulty of living for a very large part of the population. The very thought of coals in particular is becoming unpleasant to a father of a family, and we are being inundated with all kinds of suggestions—no doubt excellent—for saving fuel by all manner of volunteer philanthropists. I suspect that the love of our old extravagant system of fires is too deeply rooted in the British heart to be easily extirpated, but otherwise we might expect to see the London atmosphere become perceptibly freer from smoke in the approaching winter, and even our fogs to degenerate to the consistency of pea-soup.

It would be scarcely right in sending a letter to America at this time to preserve complete silence upon the Geneva arbitration. And yet there is very little to be said which is not so obvious as to be scarcely worth saying. That every sensible man must, on the whole, regard the conclusion of the controversy with satisfaction is as plain as that any very warm outbreak of enthusiasm is hardly to be expected. After all, the payment of fifteen million dollars is disagreeable at the time, even though it is probable that our next surplus will more than cover the amount; and though we may consider that we are receiving a sufficient equivalent for our money, our satisfaction is naturally of a calm and temperate kind. The bloom was taken off the affair by the unfortunate dispute about the indirect damages; and there is a good deal of that subdued grumbling which generally accompanies the action of putting one's hand in one's pocket. The Conservatives are naturally doing their best to pick holes in the achievement of which Mr. Gladstone's government

has good right to boast, and insinuate that we need have paid nothing if we had shown a bolder front. And yet substantially, I think that most people are as well pleased with the result as can be expected. Without supposing that a precedent has been set which will lead to the speedy abolition of war, as some sanguine persons at the Social Science Association seem to expect, we hold that it is a real step, if not a very long step, in advance.

Notes.

R. W. CHRISTERN announces "American Breech-Loading Small-Arms; being a complete history and description of the leading inventions," by Chas. B. Norton, Brevet Brig.-Gen. U. S. V.—A "Life of Captain Marryat," in two volumes; Wey's "Rome," folio, illustrated; and Figuier's "Human Race," will be published by D. Appleton & Co.—Sheldon & Co. announce a "Life of Maj.-Gen. Philip Schuyler," in two volumes, by Benson J. Lossing; "Modern Leaders," as described by Justin McCarthy in a series of biographical sketches; a new and revised edition of Mr. Grant White's "Words and their Uses"; and "The Ordeal for Wives," by Mrs. Annie Edwards.—Dr. W. S. Plumer's "Commentary on the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews"; and Edward Cone Bissell's "Historic Origin of the Bible," are among the announcements of A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

—Mr. William F. Poole's Fifth Annual Report of the condition of the Cincinnati Public Library, under his charge, furnishes additional evidence of what may now be called a general law, viz., that about three-quarters of the books taken out of our public libraries fall under the head of fiction (adult and juvenile). The exact percentage for 1871-72 in Cincinnati was 74.8, against 80 per cent. in the town of X., whose experience was lately described in the *Nation*, and 76.36, 78.4, and 77.2 per cent. in successive years in Boston. Mr. Poole says that this is a better showing than the English free libraries can make, although, for his part, he does not specially regret the demand for fiction, nor care to apologize for it. To be sure, he would be glad to see Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, and Mrs. Hentz suppressed, and he thus virtually concedes the propriety of exercising such a censorship as that practised at X., where Mrs. Southworth, for example, is excluded from the library. The Cincinnati library has been opened on Sunday for upwards of a year and a half, and Mr. Poole's testimony as to the working of this innovation will have great weight with doubting trustees and directors in other cities. In 1871, the average daily attendance on Sunday rose from 213 for the first eight months to 397 in December, and during the first five months of this present year varied as follows: 755, 802, 706, 577, 261. On September 27, the librarian informs us, there were issued 337 books and periodicals, against 110 on the corresponding Sunday last year; and on September 15, 305 against 199. The issues since June 22, the date of the annual report, have been 3,980, against 2,392 during the same period of 1871—or an increase of 66 per cent. Those who fear that the Sunday library will draw off attendance from church, will be encouraged to learn that the Cincinnati library is much more frequented in the afternoon and evening than in the morning. "On the other hand," says Mr. Poole, "it is a noticeable fact that many of that class of young men who have strolled about the streets on Sunday, and spent the day in a less profitable manner, are habitually frequenting the rooms, and spending a portion of the day in reading. The deportment of readers on Sunday has been unexceptionable, and the rooms have been as still and orderly as on secular days. While some readers have called for religious books, the other classes of reading sought for have, in the main, been instructive and profitable." The same account comes back from England in response to Mr. Poole's report, which has been widely copied from.

—Some few months ago an exposure was made of a very dubious project for publishing the lives of "distinguished Americans," the subjects being drawn from that class of our citizens who were willing to pay for the gratification of appearing in print. At that time the headquarters of the enterprise was in Hartford. During the past month, Bostonians have been largely favored with the circulars of this or a similar speculation, entitled "American Biography. Portraits on steel by fine Engravers, with Sketches by Eminent Authors." It is to be, says the prospectus, "a splendid work, folio and quarto size, 500 or more pages." It appears that one volume of the series has been issued under the title of "Men of Mark," and that one volume will contain "Sketches of Bostonians." These circulars are accompanied by a written request for a portrait and biographical sketch of the person addressed, and the recipient is advised to purchase a volume of the series already issued as a guide in preparing his contribution. No price is named, and no intimation given that the selected "representative man of

Boston" is to pay for this flattering distinction; but this is unnecessary. The circulars and letters are signed "Genealogical Society, 175 Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets, near Fifth Avenue Hotel," and the assumption of this name calls for a prompt and earnest protest. The New England Historico-Genealogical Society of Boston is an old, respectable, active, and flourishing society, attending faithfully to the purposes for which it was chartered. It is commonly known as the Genealogical Society, and many people might be led to suppose that this scheme was in some way connected with it. Again, here, in New York, there is a highly respectable association, duly incorporated in 1869 as the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Society." It has rooms in the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue, and it publishes a quarterly magazine of much interest. It is therefore a scandalous thing for any individual or firm to take the style of "Genealogical Society" in Boston or New York, and justly creates a suspicion against the enterprise. It is a curious fact that this circular of the so-called "Genealogical Society" is headed with an engraved armorial seal, and has, at its close, the advertisement of "one of the most practical Heralds in America." These occur also in the published circulars of a concern formerly called the "Genealogical Registry for the United States," of 67 University Place, N. Y., which were calculated to rouse the pity of persons acquainted with the subject of genealogy, as setting forth the visionary and impossible scheme of an enthusiast. They seemed to be the work of one man possessed apparently of considerable learning, but without method or judgment. It is unnecessary to go into the absurdities of the scheme, which, having first adopted the ambitious title of "The Doomsday Book," dwindled into "an incorporation, under the laws of New York," with a capital of \$5,000, "to print and publish books, to obtain, preserve, and record the genealogies of the people of the United States," under the name above-mentioned. The letters accompanying these circulars were signed by Wm. Coventry H. Waddell, President, and it is probably no injustice to attribute to him the entire management of the matter. His amiable delusion did not call for public censure; but the case in hand is very different. Anonymous letters and circulars do not inspire confidence, and names which are colorable imitations of well-known societies are not usually adopted for the advancement of honest and honorable undertakings.

—Baron Steuben died on the 28th of November, 1794, on the wild land granted him by the State of New York six years previously, in Oneida County. He was buried under a hemlock tree in the midst of the forest, where his remains rested obscurely but undisturbed till the beginning of the present century. Then, in the laying out of roads, his grave was rudely desecrated; one-third of it was cut off, and, "as if Indians had dug up the place, for a while the coffin was exposed to storm and rain." The only honor which the neighborhood could pay to the hero's memory was to divide the old military cloak in which the body was wrapped for relics. An end was put to this disgrace by Benjamin Walker, the Baron's aid-de-camp, who removed the remains to another part of the same grove, and made an arrangement with a Welsh Baptist Society for keeping these five acres of natural forest fenced and uncleared for ever. In 1824, the inhabitants of the county erected a monument over the grave—a limestone tablet, supported on four piers of loose stones, and simply inscribed with the Baron's name in full. The piers in time crumbled into a heap beneath the slab, and much in this condition the memorial has remained for the past fifteen years. In 1857, an apparently earnest effort was made by Germans in all parts of the country to erect a suitable monument to Steuben, and several thousand dollars were subscribed, but to no purpose. At last, on the 30th of last month, the Steuben Monument Association celebrated at the grave the completion of a new and massive stone structure, adorned with cannon and round-shot contributed by the General Government, and calculated to endure for all time. A great company assembled at Remsen, some twelve miles north of Utica, and marched in procession to the monument, where the principal address was delivered by Governor Seymour to an audience composed chiefly of Welsh people. An address in German was also delivered. Whether the Association, consisting of citizens of Utica and New York, has any funds in hand over and above the \$2,000 necessary to the execution of the work, we are not informed. If it has, it could in no way employ them so well as in printing a new and popular edition of the literary monument to Steuben reared in 1859 by Mr. Friedrich Kapp, but for which, perhaps, the Association would not have been spurred to the performance of its pious duty. We refer, of course, to his "Life of Steuben," of which Mason Brothers were the original publishers.

—We do our English cousins the civility to inform them that Mr. John Camden Hotten the publisher, though a Londoner by residence and a British subject, we suppose, by adoption and naturalization, is, nevertheless, by

birth an American. The *Saturday Review* might have known that nobody but a Yankee would have practised sinful games such as Mr. Hotten has been recently practising, and not for the first time either. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") writes to the *Spectator* a letter which we assure that journal contains jokes, and is not meant to influence the Presidential election, but which, for all that, states a grievance for which Mr. Clemens should have redress. Mr. Hotten (says Mr. Clemens) has, of his own individual motion, republished several of Mr. Clemens's books in England. Against this no protest is made, because, as Mr. Clemens is aware, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven or earth in any country of his acquaintance. But not content with republishing the books as they were written, Mr. Hotten changes the title to "Eye Openers and Screamers," and adds to the contents half a dozen chapters of his own composition. Mr. Clemens enquires of the editor of the *Spectator* what he would feel like in case such treatment had been inflicted upon him. "Would not the world seem cold and hollow to you?" he asks. "Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? Little the world knows of true suffering." He suggests that a proper pictorial device for the new title-page would be a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket, and the legend, "All Rights Reserved"; for, of course, Mr. Hotten does not make the mistake of paying over to Mr. Clemens any moneys accruing from this little piece of piracy. "Messrs. George Routledge & Sons," adds Mr. Clemens, "are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore, if my books are to disseminate suffering or crime among readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house." We may say here that our opening remark in regard to the birthplace of Mr. Hotten is not advancing a claim on behalf of the United States to the championship in rascality. A writer in the *Anglo-American Times*, of the same date as the *Spectator*, has a word to say of English swindling, and of the habitual course of the London *Times* in regard to such transactions: "In London," says the writer, "they point to New York and say there is the greatest scandal. But unfortunately for New Yorkers, they are comparatively ignorant of what goes on in London, and in their innocence accept the charge as true. The reason that London knows more of investment in New York than New York knows of investment in London, is because Englishmen employ their money in America, but Americans do not employ money in England. The American system, too, is to make such a noise over every defalcation that the attention of the world is attracted, while the scandal is, comparatively speaking, hushed up in London. The same column of the *Times* which has been unsparingly devoted to the exposure of every fraud in the United States was used for covering up the Overend-Gurney affair, the Joint-Stock Discount Business, and the getting out of jail the only man sent there for the most gigantic fraud of the age." Both the *Anglo-American Times* and the *Spectator* have recently been giving battle to the *Times* on the subject of the goodness of American securities, but the Georgia repudiationists have greatly weakened our friends and strengthened the *Times*.

"Writer's cramp" is an affliction not unknown in this country, although it is perhaps to be called "a most rare and interesting disorder," as Dr. G. V. Poore calls it in a communication to the London *Practitioner* for September. The case he describes—that of a very active accountant—was, when it came under his treatment, of nine years' standing. The right and then the left hand had been disabled for all writing, and a few weeks before Dr. Poore was applied to, the patient's right arm "had become liable to sudden spasms even when not called upon to perform any act. . . . It was always jerking about, and at times would bounce out of the side pocket of his coat as he was walking in the streets." As these spasms grew doubly severe when the patient was conscious that they attracted attention, Dr. Poore found in this circumstance an analogy with stammering, and regulated his treatment accordingly. "Every stammerer," he remarks, "that I have ever met can sing. They are all capable of a rhythmical use of the voice, and every stammerer has, I believe, his cure within his own grasp, if he persevere in the orderly and rhythmical exercise of his vocal powers. I determined to apply the above principles to the treatment of the stammering right arm." This he did in connection with the galvanic current with the most gratifying success, as is shown in the fac-similes of the patient's handwriting which accompany the paper in the *Practitioner*. Dr. Poore does not hint at any other cause of the disorder than what is implied in the word "cramp." The only cases which have come within our experience have been ascribed to the use of the steel pen, producing we know not what electrical effect on the muscles; and they have been helped, apparently, by a resort to quills. Such, we believe, was the opinion and practice of the late President Felton of Harvard.

—Some idea of the interest taken in the new University of Strassburg may be had from the fact that gifts have been made to it already from 15,000

donors, and from 400 different localities, and that new ones are daily arriving. Among those lately opened are 650 magnificently bound volumes presented by the University of Oxford, each volume containing the dedication: "Presented to the Library of the University of Strassburg, by the University of Oxford, Jan., 1872." On the outside of each volume are the arms in gold of the University, with the inscription: "Academia Oxoniensis," and the motto: "Deus illuminatio mea." The librarian exhibited these works (which are all from the Clarendon press) to the public, on which occasion Max Müller delivered a discourse on the University of Oxford. In the course of his remarks he said, "I have been often asked how the University of Oxford is constituted. It is hard to tell how. Much in its constitution is abnormal. It is entirely devoid of system. The fact is, Oxford *grew*; what was good in its growth being retained, but without any reference to system. The Government has nothing to do with it, nor it with the Government. The Prime Minister alone has the right to nominate to a few chairs created by the crown." According to Max Müller, the professors at Oxford attend to their business a great deal better than they used to do ten years ago. He estimates the income of the colleges at Oxford at £300,000 sterling. He seems to be of the opinion that the fellowships ought to be abolished, and calls them "bladders," insinuating that were it not for them some of the fellows, left to their unaided ability, might possibly sink. Oxford he calls "a living bit cut from the body of the Middle Ages, and handed down to the nineteenth century." "A mere glance at the buildings carries you back two centuries. . . . When Frederic William the Fourth was at Oxford, and saw its old buildings and the noisy joyous life of the scholars within; when he saw where Charles I. held his parliament, where Cromwell had bombarded it, where Wolsey had built the beautiful tower of Magdalen College, where bishops had been burned, whence Shelley had been expelled, where Pusey had preached, and Arnold discoursed, he said, 'Here everything new seems old, and everything old new.' "Thus it is at Oxford," says Müller, "and thus it should be; the old should continue to live in the new, and the new should repose on the old; for a real life is a continual transition, an eternal progress without break or interruption."

—Towards the end of the last century, says *O Novo Mundo*, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon began publishing the dictionary *par excellence* of the Portuguese language, with every prospect of making it equal in all respects to similar works in other countries. For some reason, however, never clearly ascertained, the enterprise was abandoned in the second letter of the alphabet, leaving a volume of 750 pages. Fresh attempts were made by two bodies of *littérateurs* in 1822 and 1844, the first breaking down with the letter D, and the second being not yet completed, if indeed it is ever meant to be. It remained for the Brazilian Antonio de Moraes Silva to compose the best Portuguese dictionary now in use, though it leaves much to be desired. For definitions Constancio's is valuable, but it is full of Gallicisms and is disagreeably dogmatic in tone. Edward de Faria's, with notes by Sr. Lacerda, is barely passable. Finally, there is the "Grande Dicionario Portuguez, ou Thesouro da Lingua Portugeza" of Dr. Fr. Domingos Vieira, now appearing in parts, of which the sixtieth has been reached, making two volumes of some 2,400 pages, and carrying the work as far as the end of the letter C. Not much is known of the author or of his capacity for his undertaking.

BABYDOM IN DESIGN.*

AMONGST the English art-critics of to-day, Mr. Colvin stands unquestionably first in special knowledge, in erudition as to the historical relation of the art of different artists to schools, and in that susceptibility to the finer, and to most critics imperceptible, characteristics of true art which confer authority over opinion more even than the most original critical insight into theories and generalities. In the general lapse of all principles of preference, and contempt of the acquirements which serve as bases of judgment in art, that mark most contemporary art criticism, in the midst of vacuous effusion of personal likings and ignorant preferences which answers the purpose of art bewilderment rather than of art education, it is a pleasure to find something that is the result of sincere study, genuine appreciation, and positive knowledge of data, and which, in the measure of ordinary use of human intelligence, exhausts its theme, as does this book on Babydom in art, with its illustrations (in carbon photography) from Luca della Robbia, Marc Antonio, Correggio, Blake, Stothard, and Flaxman.

There was scarcely room to say anything new of the great Italians, especially of the ecstatic schools (though something might have been said of the Venetian, or at least of Veronese's treatment), after Rio and some other Continental specialists, but in the chapters treating of the great

*"Children in Italian and English Design. By Sidney Colvin, M.A.," etc. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.

English designers Colvin is almost alone, certainly, so far as we know, pre-eminent, and the studies on Blake and Flaxman are amongst the most charming art-essays of the day. And it is still true, that whatever position they may attain in the properly artistic or plastic qualities, the English painters stand amongst the best designers the world has produced. In them, almost without exception, the purely intellectual tendencies of art have commanded all others—abandon to the purely artistic exists in scarcely a single instance, and whatever other excellence exists, it is absolutely subordinate to the meaning, the intellectual intention of the work. It is not as painters that one must judge them primarily, but as thinkers and seers; and in reference to the theme of our present notice, Mr. Colvin is clearly right in asserting as he does the superiority of the English designers.

With regard to the branches of his theme, we believe that the general judgment will coincide more nearly with his praises of Flaxman and Stothard than of Blake, but our own feeling is, as his own appears to be, more appreciative of Blake than any other of his subjects. Blake was in his power of design of the Buonarrotti type, and while in some of his loftier flights of imagination one finds motives quite of the sternest and grandest which human hand has ever embodied, nothing can be more tender and lovely than the little dreams in which he seems to have found his habitual life. The "Songs of Innocence" are well known as songs, but in the running accompaniment of design with which they came, there are passages which quite justify Mr. Colvin in all his enthusiasm:

"And the line which his fancy takes, the note which his hand and voice strike, are of a charm and freshness indescribable. All his life long the visions of Blake (and visions were his only models) came to him, whether they were of glee or terror, like the dreams of a child. . . . In the book of 'Innocence' it is one of his own kindred who prompts him to the task:

'Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me,
Pipe a song about a Lamb.'

And so the sweet verses are encircled with a delicate tinted pattern, and surmounted with a little picture, wherein we see the flocks grazing steadily arow, with something of that strong and composed regularity in the lines of them which Blake will hardly miss even in his slightest sketches—with the lights upon their wool touched in gold, and with a stripling in close-fitting blue piping in front of them, and glancing upwards at the child that rides upon a cloud close over his head. . . . The whole book of 'Innocence' is like an inspired perpetuation, unknown and unattempted before, of all the wondering beauty and radiance of the childish consciousness, without any of its bane or calamity."

As compared with the other two of the English designers noted, Blake is of that superiority which spontaneity has over artifice—of that greater genius which creates the hitherto unconceived rather than that talent which cleverly combines. Stothard was a facile plagiarist, and, where original, of a weak and nerveless type of design. Flaxman, whom the general estimation of his countrymen has placed almost amongst the great Greeks, was a mistake of artifice for art; as devoid of anything spontaneous in motive or treatment as Blake was free from imitation, the sculptor was as vague and senseless a repeater of old and once living phrases of art as the designer was a prophet and seer of new.

Mr. Colvin, indeed, says of Flaxman as little praise as his countrymen are likely to express. "We have spoken of the Greek vein in Flaxman, and to call him a Greek in spirit was a commonplace of compliment in his own time, and is so still. Our increased knowledge shows us that his critical insight into things Hellenic was the insight of his time, very imperfect or even erroneous; we may even account him least Greek when he meant to be most so, in his heroic compositions; . . . most essentially Greek when he would least have suspected it, in his sketches taken from hour to hour in the family circle or the public thoroughfare." But even here he speaks faint praise, for that reflected spirit of Greek art which may be allowed to Flaxman appears only when he caught a motive direct from nature, and where, as Mr. Colvin says, he least suspected he was doing anything in conformity with his avowed ideal. The spirit of Greek art is that of *all pure art*—unconscious and free; the spirit of Flaxman was a conscious and fettered emulation of art, only inspired by nature's self when she by chance put on the forms of a Greek rendering of the universal ideal. But Mr. Colvin has, in perhaps a wiser spirit than ours, chosen to make the best of both Flaxman and Stothard—if he can in so doing give Blake his due pre-eminence, or art its true standard, is at least open to doubt—and has said of them what no one else has so well said, and what, measuring from another relative standard, might not have been amiss.

Not by far the least interesting of the passages of this book are those in which the author recognizes the larger relations of British art—that of Blake to his time and Hogarth to his after-time, only saying enough to show that

he has touched these considerations and weighed them, and then adds: "And if the place gave us ever so much scope, these large general views about art, its revolutions and its mission, are at all times more fascinating than they are fruitful to discuss."

There is one passage in Mr. Colvin's last chapter which is so true in itself and so peculiarly applicable to our own art, as well as so illustrative of that consummate culture which furnishes a writer with an almost universal exposition for every phenomenon he encounters, that we shall quote it in closing: "The work of schools in either state (of growth or decline) will be imperfect, but with a widely different imperfection: attractive in the growing school, distressing in the declining one. The imperfection of growth means simplicity, greater attention to the end than the means, a single desire of conveying the given impression, though the mode of its conveyance be conventionally rough and ready; the imperfection of decline means sophistication, pride of dexterity and flourish of means, the sense that you are cleverer than you need be for your purpose."

A TARIFF OF ABSOLUTION.*

THE Rev. Dr. Gibbings has rendered a service to the student of church history by this reprint, accompanied with his learned introduction. The Papal Penitentiary was a branch of the Papal Chancery, entrusted with the issuing of letters of dispensation and absolution; and the text of this little volume consists of a reprint of the prices charged for these desirable commodities. We all know the infamous traffic carried on in indulgences by the Papal agents throughout Europe for several centuries prior to the Reformation. This is not disputed by the most orthodox defenders of the Papal system; but the enormity of the offence has been glossed over by the assertion that it was an unauthorized abuse, by unworthy hands, of the church's liberal distribution of her inexhaustible treasures of salvation. That an official list should have been published to the faithful of the prices at which they could purchase pardon for every possible variety of infraction of morals or discipline would, therefore, be an admission of apostolic venality not readily made by the devout, however eagerly asserted by the scoffer; and it is, therefore, not a matter of surprise that the existence of such a tariff of sin should have long been the subject of keen dispute between Catholic and Protestant. This controversy Dr. Gibbings traces up in his preface with all the zest of a practical bibliographer and all the ardor of a polemic, bringing together from the most various sources a vast amount of curious and instructive matter, well worthy the attention of scholars.

All the authorized editions of the *Taxe*, which were issued for more than a century after the introduction of printing in Italy, are now of the most extreme rarity. They have presumably been zealously destroyed since the modification of the system which they illustrated, and Dr. Gibbings states that he has been able to procure but four copies during an active search for forty years. The numerous Protestant reprints for controversial purposes are by no means so scarce, but their authenticity has always been stoutly denied, and Dr. G. seeks to put an end to the doubts expressed concerning their genuineness by a verbatim reprint of two editions issued before the spread of Protestantism, together with references to public libraries in which originals may be consulted. With all deference, however, to the opinions of a gentleman who has shown himself so thoroughly familiar with this department of history, not only in this but in numerous other learned publications, we cannot agree wholly with him in the assumption that the *Taxe* were a simple price-current of pardons. At times, and to a certain extent, they may have been so, for the system was a shocking one in itself, and fatally liable to abuse. The venality of Rome in those ages was more flagrant and cynical than any other venality, and under the best of pontiffs the men in charge of the "Penitentiary" were always likely to abuse their powers, even as Tetzel did; while, under Popes such as Innocent VIII. or Borgia, doubtless any peddling of tickets to heaven which would enrich the treasury was encouraged. Still, a very superficial examination of this curious fee-bill is sufficient to show that it was not by any means all that was required of the penitent sinner to obtain pardon of his sins. The sums set down in it were evidently only a portion of the penalty imposed, and to us it bears internal evidence of being merely a list of the fees which the officials were authorized to charge for expediting the letters which recorded the pardon previously granted or sold.

It would certainly seem that the absolute selling of pardons in the Holy City was by far too delicate and profitable a business to be entrusted to simple clerks with a printed schedule. The humble priest or monk might be treated with little ceremony, and allowed to transact his business with a celerity and economy that would attract further custom; but we may be

* "The Taxes of the Apostolic Penitentiary: or, The Prices of Sins in the Church of Rome. (Reprinted from the Roman edition of 1510 and the Parisian edition of 1520.) With a Preface by Richard Gibbings, D.D." 1 vol. 12mo. Dublin, 1872.

assured that the incumbent of a rich benefice, a powerful feudal magnate, or a prince-bishop of Germany, would find that his soul was valuable in proportion to the length of his purse, and that his absolution was not a matter to be despatched by an underling for a few *grossi*. Even more convincing, however, is a comparison of the prices set down in the *Taxa*. If they were the absolute sums required for the absolution or dispensation sought, they would vary with the atrocity of the crime or the importance of the infraction of discipline. No such correspondence can be traced in these tables. If we consider, for instance, how unforgivable an offence, during ages of violence, was any personal assault upon an ecclesiastic, especially if such an assault culminated in murder, and how successive councils exhausted their ingenuity in framing laws which should protect the lives and persons of unarmed clergy amid brutal and lawless populations, we should naturally expect to see such a crime rated at the highest figure. Yet the sum set down for the absolution of a layman, seeking it in Rome, for the homicide of any ecclesiastic beneath the rank of a bishop, is only seven, eight, or nine *grossi*—equivalent in purchasing power, according to the highest estimate given in the tables of Dr. Gibbings, to from \$4 62 to \$5 84 in greenbacks, at the present price of gold. [Surely no powerful baron who had indulged himself in killing his neighbor the abbot, would be let off for so trifling a contribution to the Papal coffers. Moreover, comparing this with the absolution for assault and battery, we find that when the penitent is personally present the price is the same as the highest for murder, viz., nine *grossi*, and this whether the aggrieved person was layman or ecclesiastic. It is true that for murder the layman had to present himself at Rome, unless unavoidably prevented; while for simple assault, even aggravated, he could obtain absolution *in absentia* for seventeen *grossi*.]

It would be easy, if space permitted, to follow this out, and show how complete is the absence of any classification of crime. Thus, absolution for usury is set down at six *grossi*, and for simple concubinage on the part of a layman it is seven *grossi*; while for incest, committed with a mother or sister, it is only five *grossi*, and for parricide only five or six. It is with hesitation that we dissent from one so familiar with the subject as Dr. Gibbings, and yet we cannot but regard these figures as the office-fees for issuing letters of absolution, the variations being dependent upon the formula employed rather than on the nature of the offence condoned. It is true that this, perhaps, will not explain all the sums set down in the *Taxa*, especially in the schedules of dispensations; but a complete elucidation of all the details contained in this interesting little book would require an accurate acquaintance with the internal machinery of the Curia of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which is probably not possessed by any living scholar.

THE NETHER CLASSES.*

MR. BRACE and Mr. Crapsey both call attention to the latest phases of the ever-open question, How to make men, especially ignorant and wicked men, somewhat less ignorant and wicked than they are. In view of the present increase of illiteracy in this country, an increase plainly set forth in the reports of the census for 1870, and in view of the constant growth of poverty in England, it may well be doubted whether we Anglo-Saxons have discovered any radically correct method of dealing with ignorance and crime. The title of Mr. Brace's book intimates the seriousness of this unsolved problem. After speaking of the Paris Communists of 1871, he adds:

"In the judgment of one who has been familiar with our 'dangerous classes' for twenty years, there are just the same explosive elements beneath the surface of New York as of Paris. . . . Let but the law lift its hand from them for a season, or let the civilizing influences of American life fail to reach them, and, if the opportunity offered, we should see an explosion from this class which might leave this city in ashes and blood. To those incredulous of this, we would recall the scenes in our streets during the riots in 1863. . . . No one doubted then, or during the Orange riot of 1871, the existence of 'dangerous classes' in New York."

These classes, mainly composed of neglected or homeless children, are developed in time into adult ruffianism. With their younger years Mr. Brace has long been familiar; of their maturity, as professional or casual criminals, as gamblers, paupers, prostitutes, Mr. Crapsey has made a tolerably careful study in the papers he has here gathered together. He tells us that the number of professional criminals is about 3,000, of public prostitutes about 5,000, of grogshops about 7,000, and of gambling establishments about 600—a better showing, by the way, than that which is made by common rumor—and 15,000 "casual" criminals are yearly arrested on the streets of this city. If Mr. Brace draws the picture of intelligent and active efforts made on

behalf of the dangerous classes, Mr. Crapsey shows that whatever percentage of its young life may be turned away from vicious living, the unreclaimed portion is sufficiently large to cost the taxpayers of the city four millions of dollars annually for its management.

"The *prolétaires* of New York," says Mr. Brace, "are not so numerous as those of London, but they are more dangerous. They rifle a bank, where English thieves pick a pocket; they murder, where European *prolétaires* cudgel or fight with fists. They are mainly American-born, but the children of Irish and German immigrants. They are far more brutal than the peasantry from whom they descend. . . . New York has never experienced the full effect of the nurture of these youthful ruffians as she will one day." Meanwhile, the depredations of these classes represent an immense deduction from the total prosperity of the city. In the amount of theft and of swindling, in the amount of energy required to keep them even partially under control, and in the misuse of the offenders' talents, a great sum of wasted force is represented. What means of reclaiming these activities do we employ? Mr. Crapsey describes the methods which express the average wisdom of society upon the subject: the machinery of arrest, trial, imprisonment; the methods which, as not thinking men only, but the most superficial readers of statistics perceive, exercise at the best a merely restraining influence upon the criminal, and have hardly less tendency to teach crime to the young offenders than to check it in the adult. Mr. Brace describes a method which is based upon the intelligence of a minority, upon the convictions of those thoughtful persons who believe that the problem of human improvement is to be attacked in the school-room. Of the method which the church proposes, little is said in either of these volumes. These three methods—the methods of law, of philanthropy, and of religion—have at least had a tolerably fair trial; and it is not too much to say that their results, so far as they are described in the volumes before us, are not a little discouraging. Between the two first-mentioned the balance of effectiveness is certainly with the educational method. Mr. Brace has attained gratifying results in a large number of individual cases; and the waifs and strays that have been reclaimed by the agency of the Children's Aid Society, and developed into good men and women by its educating care, form a fair argument for the value of this method. Nor is too much credit likely to be given to Mr. Brace for his patient and intelligent work in behalf of "juvenile delinquents." Aside from the novelty of the work done by the Aid Society, there is a pleasant tone of reality about his writing of it, an absence of affectation, of any overrating of the means employed, which indicate the author's unbiassed intelligence. His book is written in a thoroughly healthy and genuine tone, and represents genuine work.

But when we enquire what the method of education has done, or is likely to do, for the final reclamation of the dangerous classes, we feel that we approach one of the "great questions" upon which, in Mr. J. S. Mill's phrase, "much remains to be said." Law and the church have done their best for many centuries with these classes; for many generations philanthropy, charity, and education have been brought to bear upon them by the best wisdom and by the kindest wills of modern times. What is the result?—in this country, as Mr. Brace tells us in so many words, that New York is liable to be sacked and burned on almost any day. Of the riots of 1863 he says: "It will be recalled, too, how much women figured in those horrible scenes, as they did in the Communistic outbreak in Paris. It was evident to all careful observers then, that had another day of license been given to the crowd, the attack would have been directed at the apparent wealth of the city—the banks, jewellers' shops, and rich private houses" (p. 30). In New York, he adds, "there are more than 60,000 persons above ten years of age who cannot write their names. This would seem to be a sufficient comment upon the essential failure of reformatory schemes hitherto, not in redeeming individuals, but in making the classes to which they belong less formidable."

There remains, after compulsory education, another solution of the difficulty, which we may call the European, and which exists in the restriction of imprudent marriages, and in the consequent limitation of the number of neglected and outcast children that are thrown upon the world. In America and in England the average family may be said to be formed and to grow without forethought. In Germany and in France, on the contrary, there is a species of sumptuary legislation in respect to marriage, and it is not customary, or indeed legal, as with us, to marry without evident means of supporting a family. This ordinance does not, indeed, wholly prevent the idle, the incompetent, the profligate members of society from perpetuating their sort; but it puts a check upon the transmission of evil qualities, and favors the preservation of the better human elements by fostering marriage among the thrifty and able. On the other hand there is, we must allow, the certainty that as we hinder marriage we encourage prostitution—an evil more insidious, more apt to involve the innocent with the guilty, and more difficult

* "The Dangerous Classes of New York. By Charles Loring Brace." New York: Wynkoop & Hallenbeck. 1872. 12mo, pp. 443.

"The Nether Side of New York. By Edward Crapsey." New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 185.

to deal with than simple pauperism or violence. But the secret of reform is not so likely to be found in curing the dangerous classes as in managing to prevent their existence.

FLINT'S NERVOUS SYSTEM.*

THAT the present series will form the most thorough and trustworthy physiological treatise in the English language may be saying a good deal, in view of the excellent works of Carpenter, Dalton, Marshall, and others; but it is not saying too much. For, aside from the author's special qualifications as either investigator or compiler, this work has been prepared and issued upon a plan heretofore adopted only on the Continent, namely, as a series of volumes, each complete in itself, and large enough to include many details of experiment, observation, argument, and history, which are unavoidably omitted from any treatise aiming to present in a single volume, of manageable size, "the existing state of physiological science as applied to the functions of the human body." Moreover, while we miss the capital figures and almost diagrammatic descriptions which will long render Dalton's "Human Physiology" a favorite text-book, yet for the physician and the original enquirer the loss is more than compensated by the full and impartial presentation of conflicting views, and particularly by the copious references to authorities, all of which, by the way, for the present volume at least, have been consulted in the original.

The first volume, published in 1866, treated of the blood, circulation, and respiration; the second volume, which appeared in the following year, was upon the subjects of alimentation, digestion, absorption, and the lymph and chyle; the third was published in 1870, and embraced secretion, excretion, ductless glands, nutrition, animal heat, movements, bone, and speech. In passing, we must here admit feeling some disappointment at the meagreness of space, 54 pages, allotted to movements, including the general structure and properties of the osseous and muscular systems. "The reader is referred (p. 489) to works upon anatomy for a history of the action of the muscles. In some works upon physiology will be found descriptions of the acts of walking, running, leaping, swimming, etc.; but we have thought it better to omit these subjects, rather than to enter as minutely as would be necessary into anatomical details, and to give elaborate descriptions of movements so simple and familiar." But mastication is certainly one of the most familiar acts, yet in the previous volume it occupied 16 pages; and we are unwilling to admit that all movements are "simple," or sufficiently explained in anatomical works. Indeed, the mere sequence of action in ordinary locomotion is still under investigation, both in Germany and America, while the many and varied combinations of muscular action to effect these and other movements, especially those of the hand, are not to be compared with the mere function of a single muscular organ, any more than the bare statement of the origin and distribution of the pneumogastric nerve would be accepted as an equivalent for our author's minute and accurate account of its complex influence upon many and widely-separated organs. We hope, therefore, that upon the completion of the forthcoming volume upon generation, our author may undertake a sixth upon prehension and locomotion in all their modifications.

We have enumerated the volumes in the order of their appearance, but although the author refers to Vol. III. in a note at foot of page 15 in the present volume, there are no such numbers upon the books themselves.

In reading the preface to the "Nervous System," we note the absence of any claim to originality such as is made respecting several subjects presented in previous volumes; yet this by no means implies that our author has taken everything upon the statement of others; on the contrary, he has repeatedly and carefully tested the correctness of recorded experiments and observations, and has frequently improved upon the methods of his predecessors. The section upon the cranial nerves affords an admirable instance of the skill in experimentation, the accuracy in observation, the logic of deduction, and, above all, the caution in acceptance, which are now required of him who would add to our positive knowledge of the human body. How unlike, for example, are the sweeping assertions of the "professional phrenologist" respecting the correlation of the mental faculties with the different parts of the brain, and the guarded admission upon page 350 that "there is no point in the physiology of the brain more exactly determined than that the faculty of speech is located in a well-defined and restricted portion of the anterior lobes"; which, in the large majority of cases, appears to be upon the left side only (p. 357). But in general, as stated in the preface, our author has "touched but slightly upon psychology, which has long been considered a science by itself." What little he does say upon this (to the general reader) most interesting subject is rather unsatisfactory, because the conflict be-

tween "positive" ratiocinations and what he calls "the effects of early impressions made by faulty education" (p. 326) seems to us to lead him into some verbal and logical inaccuracies and inconsistencies. Our space will not permit a discussion of this matter; but we would refer to the pages already cited in contrast with pages 342 and 452, where the mind is in turn denied an independent existence and mentioned as a distinct entity.

This is not the place for an extended account of the facts and ideas presented in this volume, and we therefore confine ourselves to such as command a general interest. "No one at the present day pretends that the nerve-force has been demonstrated to be identical with any form of electricity" (p. 98). "Although the cerebral hemispheres are themselves insensible, yet galvanization in different parts produced movements restricted to particular sets of muscles; the centre for the muscles of the neck was located in the middle of the frontal convolution" (p. 323). The much and long debated problem as to the function of the cerebellum is dismissed more satisfactorily than some others; "the only view that has any positive experimental or pathological basis is that it presides over equilibration and the co-ordination of certain muscular movements, and is in some way connected with the generative function" (p. 392). Sleep is regarded as well proved to be associated with a decrease rather than an increase of blood in the brain, but some other conditions seem to favor its production (p. 461). A very instructive table is given (p. 345) of the weight of the brains of forty-six persons of different ranks and occupations. James Fisk, jr., and Ruloff follow Cavier and Abercrombie, and precede Spurzheim, Webster, and many eminent men; but on the other hand, between the two last named come an idiot and a laborer, while a celebrated mineralogist is found low down in the list, among idiots and criminals; the whole going to show that, although a general ratio prevails between brain mass and mental capacity, yet considerable allowance must be made for the *quality* of the brain, and perhaps, also, for those psychical attributes of which our author questions the existence.

A very pleasant feature of this whole series is the absence of personal controversy and the evidence of a sincere desire to do justice to all. Yet this does not preclude sharp criticism, as of one author, that "his views are only entitled to consideration in so far as they confirm previous observations" (p. 33). Nor does Dr. Flint hesitate to question Bell's title to the discovery of the functions of spinal nerves (p. 71), or that of Marshall Hall to the discovery of reflex action (p. 301); nor the remarkable conclusions of Voit respecting the regeneration of the brain after removal (pp. 64 and 337), and those of Brown-Séquard himself (p. 409), when their "experiments are extraordinary," and their "results diametrically opposed to those of all other observers."

The Insect World: Being a Popular Account of the Orders of Insects. By Louis Figuier. A New Edition, Revised and Corrected by P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S. With 579 Illustrations. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—Though this work was written by a Frenchman for a French public, the success of the English translation was nevertheless assured by the author's happy faculty of exposition, and it is well to present it, in spite of some faults of detail, to American readers. Entomologists will find little that is new in it, but its effect on the young may easily be valuable. If out of the hundreds of readers of the "Insect World" one mind may be induced to devote thorough and conscientious study to the structure, habits, and development even of a single species, the result would be most happy for science in this country, where the tendency is to spread over too large a surface. Our author's facts have mostly been the common property of naturalists for over a century, being largely copied, even with the illustrations, from Réaumur, that fountain-head of insect lore. One may here read pleasant stories about the locust, the cochineal insect, the silk-worm, bees, ants, flies, bugs, and beetles; but he will fail to find a single fresh observation of the author's indicating any special acquaintance with the subject. Indeed, the facts are all second-hand, and in many cases nothing is lost in the telling of them. Moreover, the author has drawn his information mostly from French sources. Like many of his countrymen, he ignores English and German writers, and sometimes to his disadvantage, as in the account of the bot-flies, which he takes mostly from Joly's account, published in 1846, though Brauer, of Vienna, has lately published a work on this subject rich in biological facts not to be found in the "Insect World." Space is wanting to point out many errors in this book, the results of a compiler's haste and ignorance. They are no more glaring, however, than those of the English editor, whose style of composition is not calculated to win readers. The less said about the science of the original work the better; the scientific spirit of modern zoölogy does not pervade it. It was scarcely necessary for the editor to add a special chapter on the Thysanoptera, which he regards as a "special order," when they are recognized by many of our best writers as an aberrant group of bugs (Hemiptera), in the account of which his chapter

* "The Physiology of Man. By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D. [Vol. IV.] Nervous System." N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co. 1872. pp. 470.

might have formed a paragraph. He also says that they are nearest allied to the Orthoptera (grasshoppers, cockroaches, etc.) Why, then, are they not placed next to them, and not nearly a hundred pages away, where they rest uncomfortably between the bees and the white ants? The fringes on the wings of these little insects by no means "characterize the order" (p. 400), though they may give their name to it. Moreover, the metamorphoses of these insects are better known than might be inferred from the editor's language. Other errors and infelicities of expression might be pointed out in this chapter of a single page. In short, the work of the editor, imperfect and slight as it has been, is not rendered in lucid or always correct language, and it is, perhaps, as well that the original text has been so little interfered with, though the work still needs revision.

French Exercises for Advanced Pupils, containing the principal rules of French Syntax, numerous French and English exercises of Rules and Idioms, and a dictionary of nearly four thousand idiomatical verbs and sentences, familiar phrases, and proverbs. By C. A. Chardenal, Bachelier-ès-lettres de l'Université de France, French Master in the University of Glasgow. A new edition. (University Bookstore. Cambridge: C. W. Sever. 1873.)—Among the very many textbooks of the French language which are continually appearing, we are able to mention as specially deserving of praise this volume, compiled by M. Chardenal, of which the title gives a very good account of the contents. The rules are simple, well-expressed, and explained by numerous examples; the exercises upon the application of the rules are full, and elucidated when necessary by note; but perhaps the especial merit of the book consists in the full list of idiomatic verbs and sentences, and in the exercises by means of which they are taught to the student. This part has been prepared with much care, and there are few French scholars, even the most practised, who might not very easily find, by a careful examination, that there were still many points in the language of which they were more ignorant than they had imagined. The book, too, if intelligently used, will be of great service in the school-room.

Fine Arts.

THE MUSICAL PROSPECT FOR THE WINTER.

THE taste for music is so far developed among us, and the willingness to pay for whatever is really excellent is so well known, that there probably will never again be a time when we shall not have on this side the ocean our fair proportion of the foremost representatives of the art. It is mainly with artists a question of money and a dread of the perils of the sea. The first our managers are more than ever willing to guaranty since the immense results of the Nilsson and Parepa seasons; and the splendid vessels that are from year to year added to the Atlantic fleet make the passage only a pleasure excursion. The present season is probably a very fair example of what we may look forward to in the future, and a survey of the musical field with its present attractions and its promises for the ensuing winter months will doubtless have its interest for such of our readers as are musically inclined. And since by common consent the opera holds the first rank among musical compositions, let that have precedence in our review.

There will be no English opera this winter. That must perhaps await the return of the enterprising Rosa and his wife, who have gone down into Egypt, and will minister at Cairo to the pleasure of the Khedive and his subjects. But we already have the Italian Opera, and the French and German are soon to come. The company that Maretzek controls at the Academy is essentially a new one, Miss Kellogg and M. Jamet being the only prominent members of it with whom the public are familiar. It is not a very strong company, in spite of the protestations of the managers. No one who has once heard the fine operatic orchestras and well-drilled choruses at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Grand Opera at Vienna and Paris, need be told that ours are but indifferent affairs. As for the scenery, its shabbiness is sufficiently conspicuous by contrast with that of most of our own theatres. The tenors are of that class of singers who keep their audiences in a constant state of nervous apprehension lest at the next moment they should break down. To struggle through an opera without an absolute collapse is not the most satisfactory way of disposing of the music. As to Madame Lucca, there is evidently a division of sentiment, and this arises, we believe, not from the fact that she is not a great artist, but because she

is great in a different direction from that in which the public had looked. She reverses all the old traditions of the characters she assumes, and presents her own distinct and strongly-marked conceptions of them. It takes a little time to adapt ourselves to this new point of view and to enable us to see the characters as Lucca sees them. But she will carry the day. Just now we have recent memories of a voice of singular sweetness in our minds, and that of Madame Lucca may seem a little harsh by contrast; but her fire, enthusiasm, and unquestionable gifts, dramatic and vocal, will win her a constantly increasing admiration.

The present season consists of forty performances, ten of which are to be matinees, and it will last until the 12th of December. Various suggestions of new operas to be brought out have been made, but nothing is more uncertain than promises of this nature. From the performances already given we may safely infer that such operas as are produced will receive a creditable but by no means an unusually fine rendering, except so far as Madame Lucca is concerned. Mr. Maretzek has some very good artists, but his chorus is as bad as usual, his orchestra insufficient, and his scenery ineffective.

The French opera begins its season on Monday evening at the Olympic Theatre. Mlle. Aimée is the prima donna, and a better one in opéra bouffe we have not had. The remainder of the company, with the exception of Gabel, who made himself famous by his personation of the gendarme in *Genève de Brabant*, are new to the public. Offenbach is of course the composer whose operas will be principally performed, and, in a large community like ours, there is always a large class with whom his musical buffooneries find acceptance. Later in the season—in February—the Tamberlik opera troupe will visit us. They are now at the Tacón Theatre at Havana. The tenor is the chief point of attraction in this company, but whether he retains the *ut sharp* to which he partly owes his fame, we do not know. The other names mentioned in connection with the troupe are, with a few exceptions, unfamiliar, and those exceptions do not lead us to look for the best results.

In the matter of concerts, we already have those of Rubinstein and of the Patti and Mario company, and Theodore Thomas is to give a series of six symphony soirées with his admirably trained orchestra, the first of which will take place on the 9th of November. There will be, of course, the usual series of concerts and public rehearsals by the time-honored Philharmonic Society; while we may look to the Madrigal Club, known as the New York Vocal Society, to give us the best purely vocal music that will be heard this winter in our city. Under Mr. Mosenthal's leadership this society has attained a degree of skill that makes it a rival to any similar organization, either in this country or in England, of which we have any knowledge. They will undertake works of a larger scope than that heretofore given; among them, Schumann's Mass, which will be given with orchestral accompaniment. We can give no more candid or disinterested advice to those who love vocal music in its highest and purest forms than that they should become subscribers to the concerts of this society.

Among all the artists whom the present season gives us, there is none whose name stands so high on the roll as that of Rubinstein. All things considered, he is the greatest man in his profession who has ever visited this country. He is not only the greatest living pianoforte player, but he is also a composer of extraordinary genius. His performances are a new revelation of the resources of the pianoforte as developed, not by a mere executant, but by a true poet of the highest rank. Moreover, Rubinstein is a man who despises all the shams with which managers seek to make capital for their artists. He will have no bouquets nor laurel wreaths; he refuses to yield to the foolish habit of accepting *encores*. He declines to pander to a low order of intelligence by playing poor music. He is, in fact, the instructor of the public taste, and not its servant. In Herr Wieniawski, Rubinstein has an able coadjutor. There have been players who have manifested deeper feeling, but few who have had such absolute command over the difficulties of the violin. To hear Wieniawski play a *staccato* descending chromatic scale is to receive a new sensation. His octave playing is also something wonderful. But beyond this he is a man of fine sentiment, as none can doubt who heard him play the great Kreutzer Sonata with Rubinstein; the true artist shone out then unmistakably. Mr. Grau has been exceedingly unfortunate in his vocalists. The two ladies who sing at the Rubinstein concerts are a positive drawback to the pleasure of the evening. Why need he have gone to Europe for poor singers, when good ones are here on every hand?

The Patti and Mario concerts do not add greatly to the musical attractions of the season. Carlotta Patti is undoubtedly a woman of certain rare gifts of execution; but, in a strictly musical sense, there is but little pleasure to be received from her singing; and as for Signor Mario, we hear him twenty years too late.

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